

P O E M S

BY THE EARLS OF

R O S C O M O N

A N D

D O R S E T;

THE DUKES OF

D E V O N S H I R E

A N D

B U C K I N G H A M S H I R E;

A N D O T H E R

Eminent Hands.

V O L U M E I I.



L O N D O N:

PRINTED in the YEAR MDCCXXXIX.



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Year



MEMOIRS
OF THE
Earl of *ROSCOMON*.

ADDRESSED TO
Mr. P O P E.

S I R,



PRESUME that you must have heard it was, some Years ago, the Intention of *Dr. Knightley Chetwood*, Dean of *Gloucester*, to have written the *Life* of the Earl of *Roscomon*. This desirable Work he assured me, but the Year before he died, 1727, he had finished,
a 2 and

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and lent to an intimate Friend, who had the Misfortune to lose it, with his own Life, in his Passage from *England* to *Ireland*.

What I have been able to collect concerning this noble Person, together with my Vouchers, I shall here impartially lay before you.

Sir *James Ware*, and other *Irish* Historians inform us, that the Name of *DILLON* is of very great Antiquity in that Kingdom. His Family were dignified with great Honours soon after the *Conquest*, and were originally Natives of *England*. The Earldom of *Roscomon*, which he inherited, came to him by a long Descent, yet it does not appear that any of his Relatives were of remarkable Note before his Time: Since his Death, indeed, some Branches of his Family, who follow'd the Fortunes of the late King *JAMES*, have made considerable Figures abroad, especially in the Army, wherein this Earl took his first Step to Knowledge and Fortune.

His Father, *James Dillon* Earl of *Roscomon*, tho' bred in, was very early converted from, the Errors of the Church of *Rome*, by Archbishop *Usher*. His Son *Wentworth*, who is the Subject of our Inquiry, was born in *Ireland*, when that Kingdom was under the Administration of

* See

of the Earl of *Strafford**, to whom his Lordship's Mother (descended from the *Boyntons* of *Bramston* in *Yorkshire*) was nearly related : and when he was Baptized, the Lord Lieutenant gave him the Sur-Name of his own Family *Wentworth*.

His Lordship passed the first Years of his Infancy in *Ireland*, and was educated in the *Protestant-Persuasion* ; the Earl of *Strafford* apprehending that his Family would be exposed to the most furious Effects of Religious-Revenge, at the Beginning of the *Irish* Rebellion, sent for his God-Son into *England*, and placed him at his own Seat in *Yorkshire*, under the Tuition of Dr. *Hall*, afterward Bishop of *Norwich*, a Person of eminent Learning and Piety. By him he was instructed in *Latin* ; and without learning the common Rules of Grammar, which he could never retain in his Memory, he attained to write in that Language with Classical Elegance and Propriety ; and with so much Ease, that he chose it to correspond with those Friends who had Learning sufficient to support the Commerce.

When the Cloud began to gather over *England*, and the Earl of *Strafford* was singled out for a Prey to popular Fury ;

* See Mr. *Fenton's* Notes on *Waller's* Poems.

by the Advice of the Lord Primate *Usher*, he was sent to compleat his Education at *Caen* in *Normandy*, under the Care and Direction of the famous *Bochartus*. After some Years he travelled to *Rome*, where he grew familiar with the most valuable Remains of Antiquity; applying himself particularly to the Knowledge of Medals, which he gained in Perfection: And spoke *Italian* with so much Grace and Fluency, that he was frequently mistaken there for a Native. Soon after the Restauration he returned to *England*, where he was graciously received by King *Charles II.* and made Captain of the *Band of Pensioners*; and some time afterwards, *Master of the Horse* to the *Duchess of York*; both which Places, I am assured, he enjoyed during his Life. In the Gaieties of that Age he was tempted to indulge a violent Passion for Gaming; by which he frequently hazarded his Life in Duels, and exceeded the Bounds of a moderate Fortune. A Dispute with the Lord *Privy-Seal*, about Part of his Estate, obliging him to revisit his Native Country, he resigned his Post in the *English* Court: And soon after his Arrival at *Dublin*, the Duke of *Ormond* appointed him to be Captain of the Guards. His beloved *Horace* observed, that, *The Diseases of*
the

the Mind are seldom cured by Change of Air * ; the Truth of which was confirmed by his Lordship's Example: For he was there, as much as ever, distempered with the same fatal Affection for Play; which engaged him in one Adventure that well deserves to be related, viz.

As he returned to his Lodgings from a Gaming-Table, he was attacked in the Dark by three Ruffians, who were employed to assassinate him: The Earl defended himself with so much Resolution, that he dispatched one of the Aggressors; whilst a Gentleman, accidentally passing that Way, interposed, and disarmed another: the third secured himself by Flight. This generous Assistant was a disbanded Officer, of a good Family, and fair Reputation; who, by what we call the Partiality of Fortune, to avoid censuring the Iniquities of the Times, wanted even a plain Suit of Cloaths to make a decent Appearance at the Castle. But his Lordship, on this Occasion presenting him to the Duke of Ormond, with great Importunity prevailed with his Grace that he might resign his Post of Captain of the Guards to his Friend; which, for about three Years the Gentleman enjoyed:

* *Cælum non Animum mutant qui transmare currunt.*

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and upon his Death, the Duke returned the Commission to his generous Benefactor.

The Pleasures of the *English* Court, and the Friendships he had there contracted, were powerful Motives for his Return to *London*. Soon after he came, he was made Master of the Horse to her Royal Highness the Dutchess of *York*; and married the Lady *Frances*, eldest Daughter of *RICHARD Earl of Burlington*, who before had been the Wife of Colonel *Courtney*.

About this Time, in Imitation of those learned and polite Assemblies, with which he had been acquainted abroad; particularly one at *Caen*, (in which his Tutor *Bochartus* died suddenly, whilst he was delivering an Oration) he began to form a Society for the refining and fixing the Standard of our Language; in which Design his great Friend Mr. *Dryden* was a principal Assistant. A Design, of which it is much easier to conceive an agreeable Idea, than any rational Hope ever to see it brought to Perfection among us. This Project, at least, was entirely defeated by the Religious Commotions which ensued on King *James's* Accession to the Throne: At which Time the Earl took a Resolution to pass the Remainder of his Life at *Rome*; telling his Friends,

it

it would be best to sit next to the Chimney when the Chamber smoaked. Amid these Reflections he was siezed by the Gout; and being too impatient of Pain, he permitted a bold *French Pretender* to Physic to apply a repelling Medicine, in order to give him present Relief; which drove the Distemper into his Bowels; and in a short Time put a Period to his Life in the Close of the Year 1684, at St. James's. The Moment in which he expired, he cried out, with a Voice that expressed the most intense Fervor of Devotion,

*My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me at my End*.*

He was buried with great Funeral Pomp in *Westminster Abbey*; but his Friends seem to have thought his own Writings a more durable Monument, than any they could erect to his Memory. And in them we view the Image of a Mind which was naturally serious and solid; richly furnished, and adorned, with all the Ornaments of Art and Science; and those Ornaments unaffectedly disposed in the most regular and elegant Order. His Imagination might have pro-

* See his Translation of the *Dies Irae, Dies Illæ.*

x M E M O I R S of the

bably been more fruitful and sprightly, if his Judgment had been less severe: But that Severity (delivered in a masculine, clear, succinct Stile) contributed to make him so eminent in the Didactical Manner, that no Man with Justice can affirm he was ever equalled by any of our own Nation, without confessing at the same Time that he is inferior to none. In some other Kinds of Writing his Genius seems to have wanted Fire to attain the Point of Perfection: But, who can attain it!

Mr. *Fenton* concludes these curious Particulars of the Earl of *Roscomon's* Life, (which it is strongly to be presumed were communicated to him by Dean *Chetwood*) with informing us, that Mr. *Waller* addressed *The Poem* to his Lordship, on his Translation of HORACE's *Art of Poetry*, Ann. *Ætat.* 75.

After the Death of the Earl of *Roscomon's* Father, it seems doubtful what Method was taken in his Education; tho' by a Hint of Mr. DRYDEN's, it looks as if the *Military Service* was his first Employment, but in what Degree is uncertain:

ROSCOMON

ROSCOMON first in *Fields of Honour*
known,
 First in the *peaceful Triumphs of the*
Gown;
 He both MINERVAS justly makes his
own. *

That he was at *Oxford* plainly appears,
 † and took his *Degrees in Arts*; but
 whether he was a Member of that Uni-
 versity, or only complimented them with a
 short Stay there, is equally uncertain. He
 was nominated to be created *Doctor of Laws*
 in the Year 1683, when several other No-
 blemen || *proceeded in the same*; but what
 perhaps was a Compliment to their *Birth*,
 was directed to his Lordship's *Merit*: how-
 ever he did not take that *Degree*. But
 he was acquainted with, and admired by
 all the *Wits* of that famous *Æra*, King
 CHARLES the *Second's* Reign; and if we
 may be allowed to guess from his Writ-
 ings, MRS. CATHERINE PHILIPS, of the

* See his Verses, prefixed to his Lordship's *Essay*
on Translated Verse. Lond. 4to. 1684.

† See *Wood's Athen. Oxon.* Vol. II. Pag. 893.

|| Robert Bulkley, second Son of Robert Lord Bulk-
 ley, Viscount Cashels in Ireland; and Henry Mor-
 daunt, Earl of Peterborough.

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Female Sex, seems to have been his Favorite. § But of all the Persons whom he honoured with his Friendship, none was so dearly intimate with him, as the learned and ingenious Dr. CHETWOOD. If you will be pleased to read that incomparable Copy of Verses of His, before the *Essay on Translated Verse*, you will be convinced what a near Alliance there was, both of *Heart* and *Genius*, between those eminent Persons. It is a great Pity that he did not, for he, I believe, only could have given us a full Account of his Lordship's Life and Character. His *Genuine Works* are well known, † and need no Recommendation; especially, not that *borrowed* one of giving him an Applause due to another, as has been done by an ignorant

§ He wrote the *Prologue* to the Tragedy of POMPEY, translated by her from the *French* of Monsieur Corneille; and another Prologue spoken to the Duke of York at *Edinburgh*, upon reviving one of Her Plays. His Lordship also wrote an *Epilogue* to ALEXANDER the Great, when acted at *Dublin*. Mrs. PHILIPS (in a Letter from *Dublin*, Oct. 19. 1662.) gives him this Character: "My Lord ROSCOMON
" is a very ingenious Person, of excellent natural
" Parts, and certainly the most hopeful young Nobleman in *Ireland*."

† Besides his Poetical Works, his Lordship, at the Duke of Ormond's Request, translated Dr. Sherlock's CASE of *Allegiance Due to Sovereign Powers*, &c. into *French*, Anno 1682.

Earl of Roscomon. xiii

rant Editor, in ascribing to his Lordship
Two Poems, 1. *The Prospect of Death*, by
the Reverend Mr. *Pomfret*; and, 2. *The*
Prayer of Jeremy paraphrased by Mr.
Southcot †. I cannot better conclude this
Memoir, than with the excellent and just
Character of his *Writings* given by Mr.
Dryden.

† See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*, printed
for B. Lintot, 1721.



Mr.



Mr. *Dryden's* CHARACTER of
the Earl of ROSCOMON.



HE Wit of Greece, the Gravity of
Rome

Appear exalted in the *British* Loom ;
The Muses' Empire is restor'd agen,
In *Charles's* Reign and by *Roscomon's* Pen,

Yet modestly He does his WORK survey,
And calls a *finished Poem* an ESSAY ; *
For all the *needful Rules* are scatter'd here,
Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe ;
(So well is *Art* disguis'd, for *Nature* to appear).
Nor need those *Rules* to give *Translation* light ;
His *own Example* is a Flame so bright :
That he who but arrives to *Copy* well,
Unguided will *advance* ; unknowing will *excel*.
Scarce his own *Horace* † could such *Rules* ordain,
Or his own *Virgil* § sing a nobler Strain.
To what *Perfection* will our *Tongue* arrive,
How will *Invention* and *Translation* thrive,

* On *Translated Verse*.

† His *Translation of The Art of Poetry*.

§ His *Translation of The Sixth Eclogue*.

When

Earl of Roscomon. XV

When Authors *nobly* born will bear their Part,
And not disdain th' inglorious Praise of Art!
When these *translate*, and teach *Translators* too,
Nor *firstling* Kid, nor any *vulgar* Vow
Should at *Apollo's* grateful Altar stand ;
Roscomon writes to that auspicious Hand,
MUSE feed the BULL that spurns the yellow Sand. }
Roscomon, whom both Courts and Camps commend,
True to his Prince, and Faithful to his Friend.

JOHN DRYDEN.

1684.

Such was *Roscomon*, not more learn'd than good,
With Manners gen'rous as his noble Blood ;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every Author's Merit but his own.

A. P O P E.



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The leafy Forest, and the grassy Plain;
Thy kindling Warmth, the various Nations find,
And rush with Joy to generate *their kind*. DRYDEN.

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P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of Roscomon.

The VISION.

TO the *pale* Tyrant,* who to horrid Graves
Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,
Ungrateful, We do gentle *Sleep* compare,
Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are,
Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
But woful Cares, that load Men while they wake.

When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight
Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,

VOL. II.

B

Do-

* *Death.*

DORINDA came, divested of the Scorn,
 Which the un-equal'd Maid so long had worn :
 How oft in vain, had *Love's* great *God* essay'd
 To tame the stubborn Heart of that bright Maid!
 Yet spite of all the Pride that swells her Mind,
 'The humble *God* of *Sleep* * can make her kind.
 A rising Blush increas'd the native Store
 Of Charms, which but too fatal were before.

Once more present the VISION to my View,
 'The *sweet Illusion*, gentle Fate, renew!
 How kind, how lovely *she*, how ravish'd I!
 Shew me, blest *God* of *Sleep*, and let me DIE.

* MORPHEUS.



* *Pastor*
Pastoral ;
Farbarv.



The SCENE of *Care Selve Beate*, in
PASTOR FIDO,* Paraphrased.

DEAR happy Groves, and you the dark Retreat
Of silent Horror, Rest's eternal Seat!
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid:
O! if kind Heaven had been so much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elysium* should be mine.
Fond Men, by Passion wilfully betray'd,
Adore those Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Opprest with Blessings, which we fear to use.
Fame is at best but an unconstant Good,
Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood:
We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
And, with our Youth, our short-liv'd Beauty dies.

B 2

In

* *Pastor Fido*, i. e. *The Faithful Shepherd*, is an Italian Pastoral; the whole of which is Translated by Sir Richard Fanshawe.

In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
 If our Abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless *Country Maid*,
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
 But, like her Soul, preserves the native White;
 Whose little Store her well taught Mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,
 Who, free from Storms, which on the *Great Ones* fall,
 Makes but *few Wishes*, and enjoys them *all*;
 No Care but *Love* can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares, the sweetest and the best.
 While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
 Our happy *Lover* feeds upon her *Eye*;
 Not *One* on whom, or *Gods*, or *Men* impose,
 But *One* whom *Love* has for this *Lover* chose:
 Under some fav'rite *Myrtle's* shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions in repeated Vows;
 And whilst a *Blush* confesses how she *burns*,
 His faithful *Heart* makes as sincere *Returns*:
 Thus in the Arms of *Love* and *Peace* they lie,
 And while they *Live*, their Flames can never *Die*.





The GHOST of the Old House of Commons, to the New one appointed to meet at Oxford, 1681.

FROM deepest Dungeons of eternal Night,
 The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
 I have been sent to tell You, tender Youth,
 A seasonable and important Truth!
 I feel, (but O! too late) that no Disease
 Is like a Surfeit of luxurious Ease;
 And of all other, the most tempting Things,
 Are too much Wealth, and too indulgent Kings!
 None ever was superlatively ill,
 But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill;
 And some, whose Meaning has at first been fair,
 Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
 My Time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
 Keep the *first Blossoms* from the *Blast of Sin*;
 And by the Fate of my tumultuous Ways,
 Preserve yourself, and bring serener Days.
 The busy subtile *Serpents* of the *Law*,
 Did first my *Mind* from true *Obedience* draw;
 While I did *Limits* to the *KING* prescribe,
 And took for Oracles that *canting Tribe*,

I chang'd

I chang'd *true* Freedom for the *Name* of Free,
 And grew *Seditious* for *Variety*;
 All that oppos'd Me, were to be *accus'd*,
 And by the *Laws* I legally *abus'd*;
 The Robe was summon'd, MAYNARD at the Head,
 In *legal* Murder, none so *deeply* read :
 I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
 Stain'd with the (yet un-expiated) Blood
 Of the brave STRAFFORD, when *three Kingdoms* rung
 With his accumulative *Hackney-Tongue* ;
Pris'ners and *Witnesses* were waiting by ;
 These had been taught to *swear*, and those to *die*,
 And to expect their arbitrary Fates,
 Some for *ill* Faces, some for *good* Estates.
 To fright the People and alarm the Town,
 BEDLOE and OATES employ'd the Rev'rend Gown.
 But while the *Tripplè Mitre* bore the Blame,
 The KING's *Three Crowns* were their *Rebellious Aim* :
 I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the *Guards*,
 And took for mine the BETHELS and the WARDS,
 Anti-Monarchic-Hereticks of State,
 Immoral, Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate :
 But above all, I got a little Guide, †
 Who ev'ry Ford of Villainy had try'd.
 None knew so well the old pernicious Way
 'To ruin *Subjects*, and make *Kings* obey ;
 And my small JEHU, at a furious Rate,
 Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty-Eight*.

This

† The Earl of Shaftesbury.

Earl of Roscomon.

7

This the *King* knew, and was resolv'd to bear ;
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous Board.
In his whole *Paradise*, one only *Tree*
He had excepted, by a strict Decree ;
A sacred *Tree*, which *Royal Fruit* did bear ;
Yet It in Pieces I conspir'd to tear ;
Beware, my Child ! *Divinity* is there.
This so out-did all I *had done* before,
I could attempt, and He endure no more.
My unprepar'd and unrepenting Breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death ;
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd *
To th' *Utter Darknes* of the *lower World* :
A dreadful Place ! which You too soon will see,
If you believe *Seducers* more than *Me*.

* *Shakespears.*



The



The S P E E C H of
Tom Ross's G H O S T,
 To his P U P I L,
 The D U K E of *Monmouth.*

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
 Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb;
 Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
 To Knaves a Fool, to cred'ulous Fools a Knave,
 The *King's* Betrayer, and the *Peoples* Slave,
 Like SAMUEL, at thy Negromantic Call,
 I rise to tell thee, *God has left thee SAUL.*
 I strove in vain th' *Infected Blood* to cure;
Streams will run muddy, when the *Spring's* impure.
 In all your meritorious Life we see
 Old T A F F's * invincible Sobriety.

}
}

Places

* *Shaftesbury.*

Earl of Roscomon. 9

Places of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,
You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once supply :
From *SIDNEY's* * *Blood* your *Loyalty* did spring ;
You show us all your *Fathers*, but the *King*,
From whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he, who such a *Viper* warms ;
As dutiful a *Subject* as a *Son*)
To your true *Parent*, the whole *Town*, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old *Apostate* fell,
Out-do his *Pride*, and merit *more than Hell* :
Both *He* and *You* were glorious and bright,
The *First* and *Fairest* of the *Sons of Light* ;
But when, like *Him*, *You* offer'd at the *Crown*,
Like *Him*, your *angry Father* kick'd you down.

* *Algernon Sidney*.



STAN.



STANZAS on a Young LADY who
Sung finely ; but, was afraid of a COED.

I.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea ;
In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend ;
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields *Destruction* sow.

II.

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser Ills create ;
These we can bear ; but, gentle Fate,
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
From *Winter's Rage* defend her Voice,
At which the *list'ning Gods* rejoyce.

III.

May that Celestial Sound each Day
With Extasie transport our Souls,
Whilst all our Passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away ;
Let no ungentle C O L D destroy,
All Taste we have of *Heav'nly Joy*.



On the DEATH of
A LADY'S LAP-DOG.

THOU, happy *Creature*, are secure
From all the Torments *We* endure :
Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet *Thee* ;
A sullen Prudence drew *Thee* hence,
From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence ;
Tho' *Life*, essay'd the surest Wile,
Gilding itself with *LAURA's* Smile.
How didst *Thou* scorn *Life's* meaner Charms,
Thou, who cou'dst break from *LAURA's* Arms !
Poor *Cynic* ! Still methinks I hear
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear ;
As when on *LAURA's* Lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless Croud away.
How fondly *Human Passions* turn !
What we then *Env'y'd*, now we *Mourn* !



*An Imitation of HORACE, Book I. Ode 22.
Integer vitæ, &c.*

I.

VIRTUE, Dear Friend, needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own *Innocence* ;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

II.

An honest Mind safely alone,
May travel thro' the Burning Zone ;
Or thro' the deepest *Scythian* Snows ;
Or where the fam'd *Hydaspes* flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a resistless Fire,
Our great *ORINDA* * I admire ;
The hungry Wolves, that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV. Set

* *Mrs. Katherine Phillips.*

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace ;
When there, her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain ;
And when the thirsty Monsters meet
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magic of *ORINDA's* Name
Not only can their Fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to Roar in Verse.





ON THE
LAST JUDGMENT.*

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As *DAVID* and the *SYBILS* say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wondrous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV. Nature

* This is a Translation of the *Church Hymn*, beginning
thus, *Dies Ira, Dies illa, &c.*

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Myſtic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne;
He makes each ſecret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then ! What Int'reſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important Stake,
When the moſt Juſt have Cauſe to quake ?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring !

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom coſt,
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be loſt,
In Storms of guilty Terror toſt.

X. Thou,

X.

Thou, who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too Great to pay)
Before the sad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep ; accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou, who wert mov'd with MARY's Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Prayer ;
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God and Heirs of Grace.

XVI. From

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyfs,
Where ~~F~~ames devour, and Serpents hiss;
Promote me to thy Seat of Blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death.
Thou Great CREATOR of Mankind,
Let Guilty MAN *Compassion find.*





Mr. Dryden's CHARACTER of the Earl
of DORSET'S POEMS. *



HERE is not an *English* Writer this Day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several Parts of *Poetry* which you have undertaken to adorn. I will not attempt in this Place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyric* Poems, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. There is more of *Salt* in your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients; but you have been sparing of the *Gall*, by which Means you have pleased all Readers, and offended none. Your Writings are every where so full of Candour, that, like HORACE, you may expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, that you add that *Pointedness* of Thought, which is visibly wanting in our Great Roman. That which is the prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of VIRGIL, which distinguishes him from

* See a Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of *Satire*. Addressed to the Earl of Dorset.

from the rest of Writers, is so conspicuous in your Verses, that it casts a Shadow on all your Cotemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. I read you with Admiration and Delight. For my own Part, I must avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in *Satire*, wherein I have not studied your Writings, as the most perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greatest Commendation which my own Partiality can give my Productions, is, that they are *Copies*, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have something more or less of the *Original*. Some few *Touces* of your Lordship, some *secret Graces* which I have endeavoured to express after your *Manner*, have made whole Poems of mine to pass with *Approbation*; but, take Your *Verses* all-together, and they are *Inimitable*.





P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of DORSET.

*On the Countess of DORCHESTER, Mistress
to King JAMES the Second: Written
in the Year 1680.*

I.

T ELL me, DORINDA, why so gay,
Why such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way,
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II. Wilt

II.

Wilt Thou still sparkle in the Box,
 Still ogle in the Ring?
 Canst Thou forget thy Age and Pox?
 Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
 Make Thee a fine young Thing?

III.

So have I seen in Larder dark
 Of Veal a lucid Loin;
 Replete with many a brilliant Spark,
 (As wise Philosophers remark)
 At once both stink and shine.



On the SAME.

PROUD with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
 With false Pretence to Wit and Parts;
 She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
 To try the Tempers of Men's Hearts.

II.

Tho' she appear as glitt'ring fine,
 As Gems, and Jests, and Paint can make her;
 She ne'er can win a Breast like mine,
 The Devil and Sir David * take her.

ON

* Sir David Colyear, late Earl of Portmore.



ON

DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN,

A Sempstres in the *New Exchange*.

DOLLY's Beauty and Art,
 Have so hemm'd in my Heart,
 That I cannot resist the Charm:
 In Revenge I will stitch
 Up the Hole next her Breech,
 With a Needle as long^{as} my Arm.



M O

A



A FAITHFUL
CATALOGUE

Of our most Eminent

N I N N I E S.

Written by the Earl of *DORSET*,
in the Year 1683.

— Quos omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti Pueri atque Puellæ.

Hor. Sat. I.

CURS'D be those dull, unpointed, doggrel Rhimes,
Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our impious Times.
Rise thou, my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,
Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn;

Inspir'd

Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,
 Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy Weight.
 I scorn a giddy and unsafe Applause :
 But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.
 Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrhah* tell,
 If their curs'd Walls deserv'd the Flames so well.
 Go on, my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim
 The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,
 Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,
 Pimp-Statesmen, Canting-Priests, Court-Bawds and Whores:
 Exalted Vice its own vile Name does found,
 Thro' Climes remote, and distant Shores renown'd.
 Thy Strumpets, *Charles*, have 'scap'd no Nations Ear,
Cleveland the Van, and *Portsmouth* leads the Rear :
 A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,
 As ever were produc'd of Human Seed.
 To all but Thee, the Punks were ever kind,
 Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.
 Both steer'd thy P—e, and the Nation's Helm;
 And both betray'd thy P—e, and the Realm.
 O BARBARA! * thy execrable Name
 Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame.
 Could not the num'rous Host thy Lust suffice,
 Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;
 When their bright Beams were through our Orb display'd,
 And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage paid ?
 O sacred *James* ! may thy dread Noddle be
 As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:
 The Dutchess of *Cleveland's* Christian Name.

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But if that good and gracious Monarch's Charms,
 Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;
 What strange mysterious Spell, what strong Defence,
 Can guard that Front, which has not half his Sense?
 Poor *Shrewsbury's* Fall, ev'n her own Sex deplore,
 Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy Whore.
 But *Grafton* bravely does revenge her Fate,
 And says, Thou court'st her thirty Years to late;
 She scorns such Dwindles; her capacious A——
 Is fitter for thy Scepter than thy T——.

Old *Delamer*, *Shrewsbury*, and *Merdaunt*, know,
 Why in that stately Frame she lies so low;
 And who but her dull Blockhead would have found
 Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground?
 Thro' the large Sash they pass (like *Jove* of old)
 To her attendant Bawd, in Show'rs of Gold.

Merdaunt (that insolent ill-natur'd Bear)

From the close *Grotto*, when no Danger's near,
 Mounts like a rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.

But when by dire Mischance the harmless Maid

In the dark Closet, with loud Shrieks, betray'd

The naked Lecher, what a woful Grief

It was? Th' Adult'ress flew to his Relief,

And sav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.

Defenceless Limbs the well-arm'd Host assail'd;

Scarce her own Pray'rs with her own Slaves prevail'd;

Though well prepar'd for Flight he mourn'd his Weight

And begg'd *Ahaz*'s Change, to 'scape *Ahaz*'s Fate:

But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he bounds,

And swift as Hinds, out-strips the yelling Hounds.

Beware Adulterers, betimes, beware,
 You fall not in the same unhappy Snare :
 From *Norfolk's* Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape,
 S ———e on contented with a willing Rape,
 On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed,
 Which never does surprizing Dangers dread.
 Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray,
 Her C ———s will mount in open Clay ;
 And from St. *James's* to the Land of *Thule*,
 There's not a Whore who S ———s so like a Mule :
 And yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deserves a worse,
 Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse.
 A fitter Couple sure were never hatch'd ;
 Some marry'd are indeed, but these are match'd.
 But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
 Why should the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life?
 Or why should he to *Megg's* or *Circut's* come,
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home?
Mulgrave * (who all his Summons to big War,
 Safely commits to his wife Prince's Care)
 Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the first,
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
 Well has his Staff a double Use supply'd,
 At once upheld his Body and his Pride.
 How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore ;*
Damn her, she's ugly ; Rascal, fetch me more ;
Bring

* He carried the Lord *Peterborough's* Challenge to the King.

Bring in that black-ey'd Wench; Woman, come near;

Rot you, you draggled Bitch, What is't you fear?

Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame,

As he for the dear Part from whence he came.

Thine, crafty *Semour*, was a good Design;

For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine:

But thou thy self must needs confess, that she

Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee.

Her noble Protestant has got a Flail,

Young, large, and fit to seague her briny Tail;

But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,

Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with Lust.

Tho' *Prince*, as Goats, she courts in vain her Drone;

The *Frigid* he, and she the *Torrid Zone*.

Both Friend and Foe he with vast Ruin mauls,

Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.

Had I, O! had I his transcendent Verse,

In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearse

That deep Intrigue, when he the *Princess* woo'd,

But lov'd *Adultry* more than Royal Blood.

Young *Ossory* (who lov'd the haughty Peer)

Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare;

But to her Memory we must be just;

'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.

O *Wharton*, *Wharton*! what a wretched Tool,

Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool?

Thy rammish spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well known,

Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow down,

Thou mumbled, and spit out by half the Town:

How well my honest L——n she knows,
 The many Mansions in thy F—— House?
 How often prais'd thy dear curvetting T——,
 Which thou rid'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?
 How big with Joy she went with thee to Church,
 When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch?
 Ev'n E——, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Bans with such a Whore.
 To *Pancras Tom*, there such as she resort;
 (That * Mother-Church too does all Sinners court)
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
 'Tis Time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
 That B——y's Spouse may pride it in her Box,
 With Face and C—— all martyr'd with the Pox.
 In some deep Saw-pit, both their Noddles hide;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best Bride.
 Ah *Tom*! thy Brother like a prudent Man,
 Has chosen much the better *Haradan*:
 She, a good-natur'd candid Devil, shows
 Him all the Bawding Jilting Tricks she knows.
 Thy *Rook* some trivial Cheats her Blockhead learns,
 While he the *Maître Hocus* ne'er discerns.
 To Pox and Plague, O! may she subject be,
 As she's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free:
 Her actual Sins invalidate the first,
 With Ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurs'd.
 To thee, *Lucina*, she need never call,
 Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall;

* *St. Pancras Church* is said to be the Mother of *St. Paul*

And what with needles Labour I disclose,
 Her well-stretch'd —, and rivell'd Belly shows.
 Whoever, like *Charles D—g*, scorns Disgrace,
 Can never want, altho' he lose his Place:
 That Toothless Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,
 Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach;
 And let what will the Church or State befall,
 One fulsome crafty Whore maintain'd 'em all.
Scarfdale, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,
 And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.
 Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,
 For *Mustard*, *Soap*, *Milk*, *Small-coat*, *Swords*, and *Guns*;
 Two rey'rend Officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking Levee ev'ry Morn,
 And in full Pomp his Palace-Gates adorn.
 But which is most in vogue, is hard to tell,
 The public Bawd, or private Centinel:
 That blubber'd Oaf, for two dull dribbling Bouts,
 Maintains two Bastards made of *Jenny's* Clouts.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd *Evelyn* spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with Child;
 But who can think that pestilential Breath
 Should raise up Life, that always blasts with Death?
 'Tis strange *Kilgore*, that refin'd *Beau Garçon*
 Was never yet at the *Bell-Savage* shown,
 For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.
 It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind;
 But the dull venom'd Drought in vain employ'd,
 Like the false Serpent's, was itself destroy'd.

With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by equiv'cal Generation bred.
 An honest * *Solon* Goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine Creature, and of more esteem.
 No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his Soul's *ex traduce* or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will, I fear;
 No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jerk
 His lazy Bones, and makes the Monkey work.
 If aged *Delamer* has left the Trade,
 And had enough of costly Masquerade,
 With Flames renew'd, your old Amours pursue,
 Now *Rocheſter* has nothing else to do.
 Well done, old *Hyde*, we all thy Choice adore,
 She is the younger, and much better Whore.
 But *Hicks* has sure, to his eternal Curſe,
 Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.
 That blazing Star ſtill riſes with the Sun,
 And will, I hope, whene'er it ſets, go down.
 St. *Peter* ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice;
 But good St. *Edward* ſcorns to be ſo nice:
 He, ev'ry Maſs, abjures what he before,
 On Teſts and Sacraments ſo often ſwore.
 His Mother-Church will have a ſpecial Son,
 Of him, by whom his Father was undone.
 He turn'd, becauſe on Bread alone he'd dine,
 And make the Waſer ſave his Bread and Wine.
Mammon's the God he'll worſhip any Way,
 And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.

Forb

* *Theſe Fowls are only bred in ſome Parts of Scotland.*

Forbid it Heav'n, I e'er should live to see
 Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be
 Fill'd with such Miscreant Profelytes as he,
Miserere Domine! Ave Maria!
 Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Gonorrhœa*.
 Was e'er (dread *James*) so much Affection shown?
 He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own.
 How *Shrewsbury* prays, that old adult'rous Fap
 May find it a *Gormegan* swinging Clap!
 Unhappy Maid! who Man has never known,
 And yet with perilous Pangs brought forth a Son!
 Our * *Cybro-Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt,
 'Till he the sprawling Bantling heard and felt.
 And now it surely cannot be deny'd
 By him who cur'd the *King* of what he dy'd.
 How *Herbert* boasts, that his wife King's-Head Crew
 Foretold the dismal Times we all should rue.
 Curs'd be the Screech Owls! that rebellious Crowd
 Presag'd, indeed, *Rome's* swift Approach, as loud,
 As wise *Cassandra's* boding Voice of old,
 The wretched Fate of antient *Rome* foretold.
 But why is he against the bringing in
 Any Religion that indulges Sin?
 He who his other Charges can retrench,
 To save ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;
 Or be content to part with twenty Pound,
 If Mrs. *White* insure her being sound.
 That Idiot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad
 To serve him now, for Favours she has had.

C 4

But

Forbid
and.

* Dr. *King*, a Man Midwife.

But who (dear *Harvey*) ever heard before
 Of Gratitude in any common Whore?
 She mounts the Price and goes half Snack herself,
 And well knows how to cully such an Elf.
 Poor *Jenny* I must needs much more applaud,
 A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
 Like the *French* King, he all his Conquests buys,
 And pow'ful Guineas still subdues their Eyes.
 How his smug little black-ey'd Harlot gaz'd
 On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
 But *F* — (not trusting to the Miser's Truth)
 Like *Joseph's* Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
 Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,
 With aukward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.
 But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the near,
 Unless he got my Lady *Gerbard* there?
 Her Qualities to all the World are known,
 Fair as his Kin, and honest as her own.
 She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,
 And loves to S — e in her own Tribe like *Jews*:
 Incest with nearest Blood, Adult'ry, all
 Her darling Sins, we may well Deadly call.
 Whate'er in Times of Yore she may have been,
 Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivell'd Skin.
 Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare
 What she and *Orkney* did so often there.
 That * scribbling Fool, who writes to her in Metre,
 And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter:
 Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate;
 For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.

Earl of DORSET.

33

To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place;
 And yet to show he is not in that Race,
 Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace.
 His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,
 Like *Memphis' Siege*, or *Bulloign's* radiant Lines.
 Among the Muses all his Time he spends,
 And his whole Study tow'nds *Parnassus* bends:
 Yet if for his, one handsom Thought be shown,
 Stop the dull Thief; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
Satire's his Joy; but if he don't improve,
 Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
 That Fop she *Herbert* more than Thee admires;
 He often quenches her lascivious Fires.
 In vain poor *Harvey*, with ridic'lous Joy,
 Shews her, and ev'ry Fool, his hopeful Boy.
 His City Songstress, says, keeps such a Pother,
 He'll ne'er be able to get her another.
 Join, then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store;
 And make them happy, as they were before;
 That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk
 Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, Die drunk.
 Why, *Harding*, has the good old Queen the Grace,
 To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon Face?
 Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been free
 From *Irish* Friggs, and such dull Sots as he.
 The wakeful Gen'l, conscious of thy Charms,
 Dreads thine, as much as *Monmouth's* fierce Alarms:
 Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between
 A greasy whiggish Dolt, and *Charles's* Queen.

C 5

There

There is, and *Harding* soars not yet so high,
 His ogling Pignies doats on Lady *Di*.
 That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,
 For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.
 And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,
 For all our *Kings* are made of Flesh and Blood.
Vernon, the Glory of that lustful Tribe,
 Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe:
 To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,
 But freely gives what Nature freely gave.
 Like Heirs to Crowns, with sure Credentials born,
 Her hasty Bastards private Entries scorn;
 In midst of Courts and in the midst of Day,
 With little Peril force their easy Way.
 But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
 And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.
 'Twas well advis'd old *Kirk* no Dangers fear'd;
 No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard:
 In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,
 Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes,
 Fair *Theodora*! thy Romantic Name
 Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame:
 But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,
 I'd almost swear, thou art a very Maid.
 Go on, and scorn our common S ——— g Rules;
 Let *Wincup* make the incestuous Uncles Fools:
 While *Prudence* pimps, and such a Foe combines,
 Impregnate more and more by feedy Loins;
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large Womb should bear,
 Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry Day o'th' Year,

Proud

* Lady Diana Howard.

Proud *Ormond* justly thinks her *Dutch-built* Shape
 A little too unwieldy for a Rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first Assault, surrenders up the Town.
 But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd imperial Seat.
 That batter'd Fort, which they with Ease deceive,
 Pillag'd and sack'd, to the next *Foe* they leave.
 And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge will try't,
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless Wight;
 Not that to any Principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing Sp—m.
Shrewsbury well knew the banning Hour, when *Seven*
 The Main throws out, or else a Nick, *Eleven*:
 When her decrepit Spend-thrift, troopless *Reek*,
 Is meek as *Moses* hid in Fire and Smoak.
 Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate:
 But our two doughty Heroes, I am told;
 Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.
 Both Claims seem just and great; but gen'rous *Hales*,
 Who on the right Side, always is, prevails.
 He will not only save its Life, but Soul;
 So poor *Paul Kirk* is fobb'd off for a Fool.
 But 'tis all one; Sir *Courtly Nice* does swear,
 He'll go to Mrs. *Grace* of *Exeter*.
 But why to *Ireland*, *Bennet*? Is't the Clime,
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time?
 Ungratefully indeed thou did'st requite
 The skilful Goddess of the silent Night,

By whose kind Help thou wast so oft before
 Deliver'd safely on thy Native Shore.
 Thy Belly shin'd, and an unusual Load
 Made thee believe *Kirk's* Shoulders were too broad.
 And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee roar:
 And if poor *Tussey Mussey* should be tore,
 Wisely resolv'd, *Ned* should ne'er see it more:
 But since all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At *Irish C——s*, which in all Climes are safe.
 Justly false *Monmouth* did thy Lord declare,
 Thou should'st not in his Crown nor Empire share.
 Indeed (dear Pimp) it was a just Design,
 Seeing he had so small a Share of thine.
 Brave *Framingham*, that thund'ring Son of Arms,
 With pow'rful Magic conquer'd both your Charms.
 Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, ran away,
 Just like that cursed Miscreant, Coward *Gray*:
 And as poor *James* from his new Subjects did,
 At last, from thy fair Breast the Gen'ral fled.
 His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mien,
 Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.
 Nor wert thou sorry, since most Seeds are found
 To flourish better, when we change the Ground.
 He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,
 Could please thee less than did strong *Delamer*:
 Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,
 He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But politick *Monmouth* thought it too much Grace,
 For one t' enjoy too long so great a Place.
 Chamberlain next succeeds the lovely Train,
 And round his Neck displays a Captive's Chain:

He, greater Fool, than any of the rest,
 They say, will marry with the trimming Beast;
 Which if he does, O! may his Blood he shed
 On that high Throne where her last Traytor bled.
 Mysterious Pow'rs! what wond'rous Influence
 Governs, that ruling Star, poor Mortal's Sense?
 What unknown Motives our dread King persuades,
 To make lewd *Ogle* Mother of the Maids.
 The Gracious Prince had sure much wiser been,
 Had he made *Sheppard* Tutrefs to the Queen;
 And then, perhaps, her chaste Instructions wou'd
 Have sav'd a World of unbegotten Blood.
 But pious *James*, with Parts profound endu'd,
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.
 A Leash of Strumpets, all of the Court Breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
 Ye scoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,
 Than that small paultry Whore more highly, born;
 If you are wise, apply your selves betimes:
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes.
 And the King does whate'er he's bid by * *Grimes*.
 Which made the wiser Choice, is now our Strife,
Hall has his Mistress, or the Prince his Wife:
 Those † *Traders* sure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender Birds they sell.
 The learned Advocate, (that rugged Stump
 Of old *Nol's* Honour) always lov'd the Rump;

And

* By whom she got the Reputation of Mr. C--'s Place.

† Both *Paulterers*.

And 'tis no Miracle, since all the *Hoyle*s
 Were giv'n, they say, to raise intestine Broils:
 But seeing, to the upright Juror's Praise,
 We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days;
 The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,
 Who F—— one Daughter than a hundred Sors.
 Prepost'rous Fate! while poor Miss *Jenny* bawds,
 Each foreign Fop her Mother's Charms applauds.
 Autumnal Whore! To ev'ry Nation known!
 A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.
 Forgive me, Chaster *Harding*, if I name
 Her stinking Toes with thine of sweeter Fame.
 Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor;
 But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.
 What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,
 Ten Civet Cats can hardly make her sweet.
 From all the Corners of the noisome Town,
 The Filth of ev'ry Brute ran freely down
 To that insatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,
 'Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.
 Poor *Buckingham* in unsuccessful Verse,
 And Terms too mild, did her lew'd Crimes rehearse:
 Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight;
 Her Life's a *Satire*, which no Pen can write:
 And therefore cursed may he ever be,
 As when old * *Hyde* was catch'd with *Rim* in *Re*.

bA

To

* The Earl of Mulgrave found Her in the Fact with Lord
 Rochester.



To a Person of HONOUR, on his In-
comparable, Incomprehensible, POEMS.*

Come on ye Criticks, find one Fault who dare;
For, read it backward, like a *Witch's Prayer*,
'Twill do as well; throw not away your Jest
On solid *Nonsense* that abides all Tests:
Wit, like *Tierce-Claret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all;
But, in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns *Vinegar*, and comes again in Play.
Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast, indeed;
On what else should thy *Worm* of *Fancy* feed?
Yet in a *Filbert* I have often known
Maggots survive when all the *Kernel's* gone.
This Simile shall stand in thy Defense,
'Gainst such dull Rogues as now and then write *Sense*.
Thy Stile's the same, whatever be thy Theme,
As some Digestions turn all Meat to *Phlegm*.
He lies, dear NED, who says thy Brain is barren,
Where deep Conceits, like *Vermilion*, breed in Carrion.

Thy

* *The BRITISH PRINCES. An Heroic Poem. Written by the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq; Printed in the Year 1669.*

Thy stumbling founde'r'd *Jade* can trot as high
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.

So the dull *Eel* moves nimbler in the Mud,
Than all the *swift-swim'd Racers* of the Flood.

As skilful *Divers* to the Bottom fall,

Sooner than *those* that cannot swim at all,
So in this Way of *Writing*, without *Thinking*,

Thou hast a strange * *Alacrity* in *Sinking*.

Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
And with acquir'd *Dulness*, and new Arts
Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Readers Hearts.

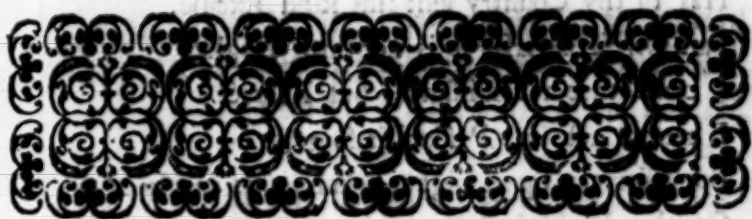
Therefore, dear *NED*, at my Advice, forbear
Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer,

Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller*:

Thou sett'st thy Name to what thy self dost write;
Did ever *Libel* yet so sharply bite?

* Alluding to an Expression of Sir John Falstaff in Shake-
spear's *HENRY IV.*





To Sir THOMAS ST. SERFE; on his
Play called TARUGO'S WILES:
Or, the COFFEE-HOUSE. A Co-
medy. Acted at the Duke of York's
Theatre, 1668.

TARUGO gave us Wonder and Delight,
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light.
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
To oblige and serve his Friends a nobler Way;
Make all our old Men Wits, Statesmen the Young,
And teach ev'n *English* Men the *English* Tongue.
JAMES, on whose Reign all *peaceful Stars* did smile,
Did but attempt th' *Uniting* of our *Isle*.
What Kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this Work of thine.
For who is such a *Cockneigh* in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the *Southern Part*,
To scorn that UNION by which he may
Boast 'twas his *Country-man* that writ this Play?

PHORBUS

* The Motto borne by K. JAMES I. was, BEATI PACIFICI

PHOEBUS himself, indulgent to thy Muse,
 Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse,
 Fair *Northern Lass*, it is not thro' Neglect
 I court thee at a Distance, but Respect.
 I cannot act, my Passion is so great,
 But I'll make up in Light, what wants in Heat.
 On thee I will bestow my longest Days,
 And crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays.
 My Beams that reach thee shall employ their Pow'rs
 To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.
 Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,
 Poets and Stars shine brightest in the Frost.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE

SPOKEN

By *TARTUFFE*.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of *Wis*,
 Against the still-prevailing *Hypocrite*;
 Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
 And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;
 And *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
 Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
 To laugh at *English* Knaves, is dang'rous then,
 While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men;
 But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
 Free Leave with this our *Monsieur ANANIAS*,
 A Man may say, without being call'd an *Atheist*,
 There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and *Papist*,
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
 That use (*enjoy the Creature*) to express
 Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;

And,

And, in a decent Way, perform them too
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you :
 Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
 We Godly phrase it *Gospel-Propagation*,
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
 Zeal stands but Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.
 Silent, and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
 We march, and take Damnation by Surprise.
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
 Can go so far tow'rds Hell for Half-a-Crown,
 As I for Six-pence, for I know the Way ;
 For want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray :
 Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
 Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's grave and wise,
 Take a TARTUFFE of known Ability,
 To Teach and to increase his Family ;
 Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,
 First get his Son, then give him Education.





EPILOGUE *on the Revival of* BEN
JOHNSON'S *Play called,* Every
Man in his HUMOUR.

INtreary shall not serve, nor Violence,
To make me speak in such a Play's Defence.
A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy* :
The Scene (what more absurd !) in *England* lies,
No *Gods* descend, nor dancing *Devils* rise ;
No *captive Prince* from unknown Country brought,
No *Battle*, nay, there's scarce a *Duel* fought ;
And something yet more sharply might be said ;
But I consider the poor *Author's* dead ;
Let that be his Excuse——Now for our own,
Why,——Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
The Parts were fitted well : but some will say,
Pox on 'em, Rogues, what made 'em chuse this *Play* ?
I do not doubt but you will credit me,
It was not Choice, but mere Necessity ;
To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent* ;

Have

Have Patience but 'till *Easter Term*, and then
 You shall have *Jigg* and *Hobby-horse* agen.
 Here's Mr. MATTHEW, our domestic Wit,*
 Does promise one o'th' Ten Plays he has writ;
 But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,
 Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:
 When any Fasts, or Holidays, defer
 The public Labours of the *Theatre*,
 We ride not forth, altho' the Day be fair,
 On ambling Tit, to take the Suburb Air;
 But with our *Authors* meet, and spend that Time
 To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
 Till after many a long and free Debate,
 For divers weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly Sense should still to Rhime submit.
 This, the most wholesome *Law* we ever made,
 So strictly in this EPILOGUE obey'd,
 Sure no Man here will ever dare to break.

[Enter JOHNSON'S Ghost.]

Hold, and give Way, for I myself will speak;
 Can You encourage so much Insolence,
 And add new Faults still to the great Offence
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit,
 Against the mighty Powers of Art and Wit?
 When they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,
 SEJANUS, and my best lov'd CATALINE:

Repent,

* Mr. MATTHEW MEDBOURN, an Eminent Actor,
 belonging to the Duke of York's Theatre.

Repent, or on your guiltly Heads shall fall
 The Curse of many a Rhiming Pastoral :
 The *Three* old *Beauchamps* * shall revive again,
 And with the *London-Prentice* † conquer *Spain*.
 All the *dull Follies* of the *former Age*
 Shall find Applause on this corrupted *Stage*.
 But if you pay the great *Arrears* of *Praise*,
 So long since due to my *much-injur'd* Plays,
 From all past Crimes I *first* will set you free,
 And then inspire some *One* to write like *Me*.

* Alluding to the *Three Parts* of *Henry VI.* by *Shakespeare*.

† *The London PRODIGAL. A Comedy*, by *Shakespeare*.



KNOT-



KNOTTING. *

AT Noon, in a Sunshiny Day,
The brighter *LADY* of the *May*,
Young *CHLORIS* innocent and gay,
Sat *KNOTTING* in a Shade:

Each slender Finger play'd its Part,
With such Activity and Art,
As would *Inflame* a youthful Heart,
And *warm* the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite *Suain*, by Chance, came by,
He saw no Anger in *her* Eye;
Yet when the *bashful* Boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd *afraid*.

She let her *Ivory Needle* fall,
And hurl'd away the *twisted Ball*;
But strait gave *STREPHON* such a *Call*,
As would have rais'd the *Dead*.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but *Thee*?
With Innocence I dare be free;
By so much Truth and Modesty
No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come

* *This was wrote in Compliment to Queen MARY.*

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap ;
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap.

Which he, *poor Fool*, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep *all o'er*.
She sigh'd, and could endure no more,
But starting up, *she said*,

Such *Virtue* shall rewarded be :
For this thy *dull* Fidelity,
I'll trust you with my *Flocks*, not *Me*,
Pursue thy *grazing Trade* ;

Go milk thy *Goats*, and shear thy *Sheep*,
And watch all Night thy *Flocks* to keep ;
Thou shalt no more be *lull'd asleep*
By *Me mistaken Maid*.





A SONG to CHLORIS,

FROM

The *Blind* ARCHER. *

I.

A H! CHLORIS, 'tis time to disarm your *bright Eyes*,
 And lay by those *terrible Glances*;
 We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,
 Than to follow the Rules of *Romances*.

II.

When once* your *round Bubbies* begin but to pout,
 They'll allow you no long Time of *Courting*;
 And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
 For all Maidens are Mortal at *Fourteen*.

* CUPID.



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A
SONG,

ON
Black BESS.

I.

MEthinks the poor Town has been troubled too long,
With PHILIS and CHLORIS in every Song
By Fools, who at once can both *love* and *despair*,
And will never leave calling 'em *cruel* and *fair*.
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of bonny *black* BESS.

II.

This BESS of my Heart, this BESS of my Soul,
Has a Skin *white* as Milk, and Hair *black* as a Coal;
She's plump, yet with Ease you may span her *round* Waist,
But her *round* swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd:
Her Belly is *soft*, not a Word of *the rest*;
But I know what I think, when I drink to the Best.

D 2

III. The

A

III.

The *Plowman* and *'Squire*, the arranter Clows &
 At Home she *subdu'd* in her *Paragon-Gown*;
 But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pit,
 And the proudest Town-Gallants are forc'd to *submit*:
 All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
 And beat Day and Night, like my Lord *Craven's Drums*.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to WHITEHALL,
 For she'd out-shine the *Ladies*, Paint, Jewels, and all;
 If a *Lord* should but whisper his *Love* in a Crowd,
 She'd tell him a *Bargain*, and laugh out aloud:
 Then the *QUEEN* over-hearing what *BETTY* did say,
 Would send Mr. *ROPER* to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear *BESS* in their Arms
 She's *gentle*, and knows how to *soften* her Charms;
 And to every *Beauty* can add a new *Grace*,
 Having learn'd how to *hisp* and to *trip* in her *Pace*;
 And with Head *on one Side*, and a *languishing Eye*,
 To *kill* us by *looking* as if *she would die*.



SONG



SONG,

*Written at SEA, in the first DUTCH-
WAR, 1665, the Night before an
Engagement.*

I.

TO all you *Ladies* now at Land
We *Men* at Sea indite;
But first wou'd have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The *Muses* now, and *Neptune* too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For sho' the *Muses* should prove kind,
And fill our empty Brain;
Yet if rough *Neptune* rouse the Wind,
To wave the Azure Main,
Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
Roll up and down our Ships at Sea.
With a Fa, &c.

D 3

III. Then

III.

Then, if we write not by each Post,
 Think not we are unkind;
 Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost
 By *Dutchmen*, or by *Wind*:
 Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
 The Tide shall bring 'em twice a Day:
With a Fa, &c.

IV.

The KING, with Wonder and Surprise,
 Will swear the Seas grow *bold*;
 Because the Tides will higher rise,
 Than e'er they us'd of *old*:
 But let *him* know it is our Tears
 Brings Floods of Grief to *Whitehall Stairs*:
With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy OPDAM chance to know
 Our sad and dismal Story;
 The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
 And quit their Fort at *Goeree*:
 For what *Resistance* can they find
 From *Men* who've left their *Hearts* behind?
With a Fa, &c.

VI. Let

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be *You* to *Us* but kind ;
 Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,
 No Sorrow *we* shall find :
 'Tis then no Matter how 'Things go,
 Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
 We throw a merry *Main* ;
 Or else at serious *Ombre* play ;
 But, why should we in vain
 Each others *Ruin* thus pursue ?
 We were undone when *we left you*.
With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our *Fears* tempestuous grow,
 And cast our *Hopes* away ;
 Whilst you, *regardless* of our Woe,
 Sit *careless* at a Play :
 Perhaps permit some happier Man
 To Kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.
With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any *mournful Tune* you *hear*,
 That *dies* in ev'ry *Note*;
 As if it *sigh'd* with each *Man's Care*,
 For being so *remote*:
 Think then how often *Love* we've made
 To you, when all those *Tunes* were *play'd*.
With a Fa, &c.

X.

In *Justice* you cannot *refuse*,
 To think of our *Distress*;
 When we for *Hopes* of *Honour* lose
 Our *certain Happiness*;
 All those *Designs* are but to *prove*
 Ourselves more *worthy* of your *Love*.
With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our *Loves*,
 And likewise all our *Fears*;
 In *Hopes* this *Declaration* moves
 Some *Pity* for our *Tears*:
 Let's hear of no *Inconstancy*,
 We have too much of *that* at *Sea*.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

Miscellaneous



Miscellaneous POEMS.

DRYDEN'S *Satire to his MUSE.*
Written by the Lord SOMERS.

Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mibi. Ovid.

Turpiter buc, illuc ingeniosus erat. Hor.

Hear me, dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
 Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life;
 Whose first *Essay* was in a *Tyrant's* Praise,*
Barwy in Prologues, *blasphemous* in Plays:
 So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
 And I had starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
 When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit:
 Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made
 A solid Fortune to thy barren Trade.
 My Father wisely bid me be a Clerk;
 Thou whisper'd'st, Boy, be thou a tearing Spark.

I from

* His Panegyrick on Oliver Cromwell.

I from that fatal Hour new Hopes pursu'd,
 Set up for Wit, and aukwardly was lewd;
 Drank 'gainst my *Stomach*, 'gainst my *Conscience* swore,
 Against my *Will*, I marry'd a rank Whore:
 After *two* Children, and a *third* Miscarriage,
 By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage.
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known;
 As if that all *GOMORRAH* was my own,
 Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me gay,
 To writing bred, I knew not what to say.
 With scolding Wife and starving Chits beset,
 When I want Money, and no Friend will treat,
 Chear'd with one Cup of thy *Cassian* Spring,
 I can *abuse* the Church, my Friend, and King;
 Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the Nose,
 Then, like *ALMANZOR*, turn upon his Foes;
 Libel his Mistresses, and Statesmen too,
 Then o'er his whoring Life old *DAVID* throw,
 By whom *URIAH* was so basely slain;
 But our good *Monarch* spares his *CASTLEMAIN*,
 And *OATES* his Plots, and Treasons, swears in vain:
 Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
 And then deny it with a thousand Oaths.
ADRIEL to please, call *ROCHESTER* a Fool,
SEDLEY a Capuchin, and *DORSET* dull.
 I, like *BOROSKY*, by the false Count hir'd,
 On *SCROOP* my Blunderbuss of Satire fir'd;
 In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too;
 What more to *HALL*, or *CRANBOURN* could I do;
 Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to Woo?

Thou'lt

Thou'lt say, perhaps, What is all this to thee,
 If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be?
 But then thou should'lt thy sacred Aid refuse,
 When I invoke it to so base a Use;
 Blunt, of my murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,
 And honestly refuse the odious Hint.
 But thou ne'er com'lt so gladly to my Call,
 As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
 Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abus'd or virtuous Action blam'd?
 Thou, with Officious Haste, rank'lt ev'ry Word,
 And giv'lt thy raging Madman a sharp Sword;
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou, when I an hellish Task Command.
 To thee, ungrateful! what has MONMOUTH done,
 That, *Parson-like*, thou call'lt him ABSALON?
 And by that Name dost foolishly infer,
 He from old DAVID's Head the Crown would tear.
 Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place:
 Stood high in DAVID's as the People's Grace;
 And warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
 To the whole Nation's Hearts had join'd their Hands;
 Of publick Good dissembled his deep Care,
 With the false JEBUSITE a-while kept fair;
 Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
 Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
 Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
 Those darling Morsels of their longing Jaws.
 Wile STANLEY thus, till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,
 Did seeming Faith to cruel RICHARD pay;

But

But lest the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,
 And brought Success to HARRY's drooping Right.
 MONMOUTH's brave Mind could no Disguise endure,
 Still noble Ways preferring to secure,
 While DAVID lavishes his People's Love,
 He buys the Purchase with Design t'improve;
 And like some prudent Kinsmen, re-convey
 What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
 Lest the Great antient Family decay.
 Good Honest DAVID, why would'st thou have made
 Of such a Son and Parliament afraid?
 Which whilst he sways, what Faction dares dispute,
 Or who can say, He is not absolute?
 Thro' them he may command the People's Purse,
 And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse.
 By Laws they would a Popish Heir exclude,
 Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd:
 Against *Navarre* the factious Princes leagu'd,
 And the right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd:
 When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
 The State-Religion he was forc'd to own;
 'The harmless People took it in good Part,
 'The zealous Church yet stabb'd him to the Heart;
 'Taught all by Story, there was no Defence,
 But they must change their Faith, or change their Prince.
 Who would not here the like Extreame prevent,
 And settle Things by Aid of Parliament?
 Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,
 Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm;

Inferior

Miscellaneous P O E M S.

61

Inferior Judges trembling to decree
What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee:
The Chancellors and ill Statesman's only Dread,
For it is thou alone can reach their Head.
By thee fell WOLSEY, and false CLARENDON,
Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone;
Both over-whelm'd for daring to remove,
Or stem the Torrent of their Master's Love:
The one fair BULLEN to his Prince deny'd;
The other made lov'd STUART, RICHMOND's Pride,
And with the Royal Blood for ever, mingled HIDE. }
To their own Ruin can all Men agree,
And none the Precipice but Courtiers see?
Courtiers, who importune the Sovereign,
To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain;
Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.
Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose Rent
Consists in Breaches of the Government.
Some few there are with great Estates indeed,
Yet labour with imaginary Need:
Strange sort of Fools, who, for one Pension more,
Enslave themselves, and all they had before.
Others, with Titles and new Earldoms caught,
Would give up all for which the Barons fought:
They're equally unfit for Government,
Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
Who bid thee in ACHITOPHEL's vile Name,
Old DAVID's Errors and his Faults proclaim?

Or

Or say, *Plots True or False are needful Things,*
To set up Commonwealths, and pull down Kings?

That DAVID, whom thou dost with Rev'rence name,
 Charm'd into Ease, grows careless of his Fame,
 And brib'd with petty Sums of foreign Gold,
 Is grown in BATHSHEBA's Embraces old?

That, like the Prince of Angels, from his Height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd Light?

If DAVID once ill Language lay to Heart,
 Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part?

The People's Voice, of Old the Voice of God,
 Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd.
 Crowds are the Fools,——

That flock to thine and D'URFEY's Loyal Plays,
 And give implicit Claps on your third Days:

About the Stage of Mountebank they wait,
 And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But have, like thee, no Int'rest in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
 And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* Bow;
 But with old *England* what hast thou to do?

Who from our Kings an useful Pow'r would take;
 Nor have they Pow'r; but for the People's Sake
 Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.

Kings may do good at their full Stretch of Will,
 And need not for a Strain of Law stand still:

They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,
 Confin'd, like God, only from doing Ill.

Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
 Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:

None

None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,
 A private Mischief's for the publick Good.
 Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.
 Somewhere there must a Sov'reign Power be,
 In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
 Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;
 The sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,
 And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
 Making those Bastards who had else been Heirs,
 And injur'd Husbands legal Widowers;
 Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
 And of contending Kings decide the Cause.
 Thus from the Helm our learned RICHARD thrust,
 Confess'd their Pow'r, and own'd their Sentence just.
 And on the Throne our brave Fourth EDWARD sat,
 Whilst HARRY liv'd a Pris'ner of the State.
 ALPHONSO thus depos'd for his weak Life,
 PEDRO enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife.
 There *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night.
 In his Defence, each private Man may kill;
 Must then a Nation perish and stand still?
 If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight,
 When can a Christian Sword be in the Right?
 O! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting,
 To call ACHIT'PHEL'S Son, unfeather'd two-legg'd thing!

64 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

So by old PLATO Man was once defin'd,
 'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
 Thy AMIEL with Bull JONAS self may vye
 For all but Courage, Wit, and Honesty.
 As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,
 As sharply blam'd, as sinigly would give,
 'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,
 And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live:
 Whose whole Estate, when he in Trust, had got,
 Thy honest AMIEL grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
 Thy HUSHAI next, a true Friend e'er a Man,
 So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
 Was but Fourteen when DAVID was Abroad,
 Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod;
 Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
 And in full House the loyal Baby cry'd,
 How could one *German* Journey teach his Youth,
 And add Experience to his native Truth!
 Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
 As ev'ry Fool, Whore, Bully, has done since;
 To other Merit he has no Pretence,
 BARZILLAI's Praise I could rehearse again,
 And make the second Labour of my Pen;
 Wife, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
 Born t' all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,
 Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
 When he beheld the Sov'reign in Distress:
 To Arms he flew, but, with bold CATO's Fate,
 Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate:

Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.
But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's Sagan*,
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon?
Not MAGDALEN, possess'd in all her Prime
With her ten Devils, could have equall'd him.
Why would'st thou call thy ADRIEL a Muse,
And DAVID of his hasty Rise accuse?
When we all know the same obliging Hand
Gave him his *George*, and CHURCHILL his Command,
JERMIN his Country House, and BROMWICH his Poynt
Band.

Or JOTHAM flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,
Famous for Jests upon the Church and King:
One while PYTHAGORAS's harmless Food,
For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood;
And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,
Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that Dines:
Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,
And, like the *Swede*, is very rich in Brass:
Against the Court and DAVID's self he roar'd,
How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;
Would swear a Parrot had more Wit than NELLY,
With her parch'd Face, more wrinkled than P—— Belly.
Yet now to Both, like Popish Saints, he prays,
Which shews he will not burn in JAMES's Days:
In his plain Band, and Hónesty in Show,
He only aim'd at DANBY's Overthrow:
Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends;

There

There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,
 With DANBY all our Dangers disappear.
 DANBY thus setting, to prevent dark Night,
 This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Counsellors with her glim'ring Ray,
 And all our Men of Bus'ness lose their Way:
 Our Parliament dissolv'd, new Members meet,
 An Oxford Journey must allay their Heat:
 But the true *English* Interest appear'd,
 The *Silver Smiths* for their DIANA fear'd;
 Pop'ry would pass on us in no Disguise,
 No Flow'rs could hide that Serpent from our Eyes,
 We're in such haste dissolv'd, that in the Street
 New chosen with Dissolving Members meet;
 And then a Paper in good DAVID's Name,
 Must the Proceedings of the House defame.
 Sheriff's and Juries pack'd, Justices made
 Knights of th' Address, and all false Colours laid,
 To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
 The People, Parliaments both fear and hate.
 What SAMPSON in a Dungeon, Captive, Blind,
 In spiteful Rage for cruel Foes design'd,
 The House of Commons must be thought to do
 Against themselves, and those that trust 'em too.
 The Head shall sooner fear its own right Hand,
 Parents their smiling Infants Death Command,
 The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
 Than Lords or Commons hurt the Realm or King.

They

Miscellaneous P O E M S.

67

They may thy Heroes, that small faithful Band,
Precious Counsellors, who dare singly stand
'Gainst the collective Wisdom of the Land.
DAVID in Exile had more Friends than thou
Wilt to his best, his happier Days allow.
Why sounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace?
Art thou afraid our Differences should cease,
That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more
Than any Irish Witness ever swore?
Soldiers of Fortune thus to drive a Trade,
Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me prophecy, and mark me well;
E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant Smell,
People and King shall join, like Man and Wife,
And both abhor the Engines of their Strife:
No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen,
And thou, cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men;
DAVID shall find Duty an empty Word,
(For different Faiths can never have one Sword;
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
'Twixt those that heavenly Concerns divide.)
He then shall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be.
MONMOUTH be blest'd for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.



THE



T H E
INCHANTMENT.

By Mr. O T W A Y.

I.

I Did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to resist I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

O! would your Pity give my Heart,
One Corner of your Breast;
'Twould learn of yours the winning Art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THE



THE ENJOYMENT.

By the Same.

I.

C^laspt in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I strove :
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrapt in Fire
By Love's mysterious Art,
Borne on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head ;
When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now CÆLIA dies.

III. Fainting

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,
 And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms;
 When with a shiv'ring Voice, she cry'd,
 Must I alone, then, die?
 No, no, I languishing reply'd,
 I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
 Swift Joys our Wishes did out-run:
 Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliss,
 We bid the World adieu;
 Swearing by ev'ry charming Kiss,
 To be for ever true.



THE



THE
MILLER'S TALE,
FROM
CHAUCE R.

Inscribed to
N. ROWE, Esq;

By Mr. SAMUEL COBB,
Late of Trinity College in Cambridge.*

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with
ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive her
Husband; but in the End is rewarded accordingly.

W Hilom in Oxford an old Chuff did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board,
With

* Mr. Cobb died in Year 1713, and was interred in
the Cloyster of Christ-Church Hospital, London.

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,
 But notable for Sciences and Sense,
 Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
 Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd:
 A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,
 Who by Interrogations could conclude,
 If Men should ask him, at what certain Hours
 The drougthy Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,
 When it should rain, or snow, what should befall
 Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
 For Modesty, and *NICHOLAS*, his Name.
 Subtile he was, well-taught in *CUPID's* Trade,
 But seem'd as meek and bashful as a Maid.
 A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,
 Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
 With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was dress'd,
 But he was ten times sweeter than the best,
 His Books of various Size, or great or small,
 His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accompts withal;
 His *Astrolabe* and *Almagist* * apart,
 With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art,
 On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
 And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.
 Above, an Instrument of Musick lay,
 On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,
 So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung;
 And *Angelus ad Virginem* † he fung;

Then

* The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Ptolomy.
 † The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.

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Then would he chaunt in good King DAVID's Note,
Full often blessed was his merry Throat.
And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Musick spent
His Time, and Exhibitions yearly Rent.

This *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
The buxom Lads had twice nine Summers seen,
And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.
The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,
Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage:
For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime;
But he, poor Man! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*,
He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,
And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.
He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,
She had or would be planting on his Head.
He knew not CATO, for his Wit was rude,
That Men should wed with their Similitude.
Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,
For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.
Hence Jealousies create a nuptial War,
And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar:
But when the Trap's once down, he must endure
His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.
Perhaps His Father and a hundred more
Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.
Fair was his charming Consort, and withal
Slender her Waiste, and like a *Weasel's*, small.

Then

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E

She

colomy.

She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,
 And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
 White as her Smock, embroider'd all before,
 Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.
 Broad was her filken Fillet, set full high,
 And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.
 Her Brows were arched like a bended Bow,
 Like Marble smooth, and blacker than a Shoe,
 She softer far than Wool, or fleecy Snow.
 Were you to search the Universe around,
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,
 Than a new Noble of the freshest Coin.
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
 No Swallow on a Barn had such a Throat.
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a Lamb,
 Or Kid, or Calf, when they pursue their Dam.
 Sweet as Metheglin was her Honey Lip,
 Or Hoard of Apples which in Hay are kept.
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly Colt,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.
 Above her Ancles laced was her Shoe;
 She was a Primrose, and a Pigmye too;
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now, Sir, what think you how the Case befell?
 This NICHOLAS, (for I the Truth will tell)
 Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,
 When the good Man, the Husband, was away,

Bega

Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,
 (For *Clerks* are sly, and very full of Game)
 And privily he caught her by *That same*.
 My * Lemman Dear, quoth he, I'm all on Fire,
 And perish, if you grant not my Desire.
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
 O let me, let me—never de deny'd.
 At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,
 Like a young frisking *Colt*, whose tender Hoof
 Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew
 The Virgin Barden of an Iron Shoe.
 Fie NICHOLAS, away your Hand, quoth she,
 Is this your Breeding and Civility?
 Foh? Idle Sot! What means th' unmanner'd Clown,
 To teaze me thus, and tols me up and down?
 I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.
 You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?
 I will not kiss you——prithee, let me go.

Here NICHOLAS, a young, designing Knave,
 Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.
 So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,
 This seeming modest Spouse consents at last;
 By good St. THOMAS † swore, her usual Oath,
 That she would meet his Love, tho' mighty loath.
 "If you, said she, convenient Leisure wair,
 "(You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)

E 2 "I will

* *Mistress.* † St. Thomas à Becket.

“ I will requite you, for if once the Beast
 “ Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,
 “ I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth NICHOLAS, ne’er vex your Head,
 He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,
 And very foolishly besets his Wife,
 Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.
 And thus they were accorded, thus they swore
 To wait the Time, as I have said before.
 And now when NICHOLAS had wore away
 The pleasant Time in harmless am’rous Play,
 To his melodious Psaltery he flew,
 Play’d Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,
 Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
 It happen’d thus, I cannot rightly tell,
 If it on *Easter*, or on *Whitson* fell;
 That on a Holiday, this modest Dame
 To Church with other honest Neighbours came,
 In a good Fit to hear the Parson preach
 What the divine Apostles us’d to teach.
 Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer’s Day
 Shone half so clear, so tempting, and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a Clerk belong,
 Who many a Time had rais’d a holy Song.
 His Name was ABSALON, a silly Man,
 Who curl’d his Hair, which strutted like a Fan,
 And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
 In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.

His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as Goose,
 With St. PAUL's Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
 Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose ;
 But light and Silver-colour'd were his Cloaths,
 And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose,
 Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,
 And fetously they dangled on his Knees.
 He could let Blood, and shave your Beard and Head,
 But a meer Barber-Surgeon by his Trade.
 Nay, he could write and read, and that is more
 Than twenty Parish-Clerks could do before.
 Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
 In thirty Motions how to trip and dance ;
 Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,
 Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
 Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,
 Would squeak a Treble to his squalling Kit.
 His Dress was finical, his Music queer,
 And pleas'd a Tapster's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear,
 No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,
 Was to the gentle ABSALON unknown :
 But he was very careful of his Wind,
 And never let it fall out behind.
 To give the Devil his Due, he had an Art,
 By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.

This ABSALON, so jolly, spruce, and gay,
 Went with the *Censor* on the Sabbath Day.
 He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,
 But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.

78 *Micelleaneons* P O E M S.

His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he cast,
Dwelt on the Carpenter's fine Dame at last.
So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
That he could freely gaze away his Life.
Were he a Cat, this pretty Mouse would feel
Too soon his Tallons, a delicious Meal.

And now had CUPID shot a piercing Dart,
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
No Offring of the handsome Wives he took,
He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,
The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.
Soon as the Cock had bid the Morning rise,
The smitten Lover to his Fiddle flies;
A hideous Noise his squeaking Trilloes make,
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he sung, or said,
Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,
I pray you that you'll pity me.

And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,
Alike the Musick of his Kit, and Tongue.
At this the staring Carpenter awoke,
And thus his Wife (fair ALISON) bespoke:
Art thou asleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear?
And cannot ABSALON at Window hear?
How with his Serenade he charms us all,
Chaunting melodiously beneath our Wall?

Yes,

Yes, yes, I hear him, ALISON reply'd,
Too well, God wot; and then she turn'd aside.
Thus went Affairs, 'till ABSALON, alas!
Was a lost Creature, a meer whining Ass.
All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Drefs the live long Day.
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.
Where'er she went, he like a Slave pursu'd,
With spiced Ale, and sweet Metheglin woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend he got,
And sent her Tarts and Custards piping hot.
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat,
Of Mead and Cyder, and all Sorts of Meat.
Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,
And rival's PHILOMELA's mournful Note.
With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts:
Some Wealth have won, and some have had the Lot
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes he Scaramouch'd it on high,
And Harlequin'd it with Activity;
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,
And how he could cut Capers in a Bed.
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,
For NICHOLAS has swept the Stakes of Love.
The Parish Clark has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go Fiddle now, or blow his Horn.

Thus gentle ABSALON is made her Ape,
 And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape;
 For NICHOLAS is always in her Eye;
 True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh art fly*.
 A distant Love may Disappointment find,
For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.
 The Scholar was at Hand, as I have told,
 And gave the Parish Clerk *the Dog to hold*.
 Now, NICHOLAS, thy Craft and Cunning try,
 That ABSALON may *de profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,
 To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day:
 The subtle Scholar, and the wanton Spouse,
 Were decently contriving for his Brows:
 Agreed, that NICHOLAS should shape a Wile,
 Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.
 And if so be the Game succeeded right,
 She then would sleep within his Arms all Night:
 For both were in this one Desire concern'd,
 Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.
 Strait a new Thought leap'd cross the Scholar's Head,
 Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled:
 But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore
 Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,
 And victuall'd it for a long Day or more.
 ALCE, should your Husband ask for Us, quoth he,
 Reply, in Scorn, What's NICHOLAS to Me?
 Am I his Keeper? Help your silly Head!
 Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.

My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,
And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the Door:
But he, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,
Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one *Saturday* entire consume,
Since NICHOLAS had lock'd him in his Room.
Nor was he idle, for no *Lent* he kept,
But eat like other Men, and drank, and slept;
Did what he list, 'till the next Sun was new,
And went to Rest as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,
Lest NICHOLAS should over-work his Brain;
By Study lose his Reason, or his Life,
Well, by St. THOMAS, I don't like it, Wife.
The World we live in is a ticklish Place,
And sudden Death has often stop'd our Race.
I saw a Corpse, as to the Church it past,
And the poor Man at Work but *Monday* last.
Run, DICK, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,
Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.
Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,
And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries,
Ho! Master NICHOLAS, what mean you thus
To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten us?
He might as well have whistled to the Wind,
As from good NICHOLAS an Answer find.
At last he spy'd a Hole full low and deep,
Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;

Here was discover'd to his wond'ring Sight
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon;
 And down runs he to tell his Master soon,
 In what Array he saw this studious Man:
 The Carpenter to cross himself began;
 And cry'd, St. FRIDESWID, help us one and all!
 Little we know what Fate shall us befall.
 This Man with his Astronomy is got
 Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot:
 This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
 Of his Moon-snuffing, and Star-peeping Looks:
 Why should a filly Earth-born Mortal pry
 On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?
 Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,
 Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r, and Creed,
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read!
 Thus far'd a sage Philosopher * of old,
 Who wa king out, as 'tis in Story told,
 Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,
 That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd,
 Ill Luck attends the Man who looks too high,
 And can a Star, but not a Marlpit spy.
 But, by St. THOMAS, this shall never pass;
 Too well I love this gentle NICHOLAS.
 I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,
 From his brown Fit of Study, in a Minute.

ROBIN

* THALES.

ROBIN, let's try if that an Iron Pur
And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir;
Now ROBIN was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once;
Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
As would a Man like you or me astound.
But NICHOLAS did nothing do but stare,
And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,
Because he did not, or he would not, hear;
Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd
His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;
For which the Student in his Arms he took,
With Might and Main, and by the Shoulders shook.
Cry'd, NICHOLAS, awake! What, not a Word?
Look down, despair not—think upon the Lord!
Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself:
Bless thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf!
He crost the Threshold, where the Devil might creep,
And each small Hole, through which an Imp might peep.
With solemn *Pater-nosters* blest the Door,
And *Ave-Mary's*, after and before.
At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,
With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry—
And shall this World be lost so soon? Ah, why?
What do I hear? the Carpenter reply'd,
What say'st thou, NICHOLAS? Sure thou art beside

Thy

Thy self: Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,
 And then no Harm, no Danger will ensue.
 Ah! Friend, quoth NICHOLAS, you little think
 What I can tell; but first let's have some Drink.
 Then, my dear Host, thou shalt in private learn
 Some certain Things, which thee and me concern.
 It shall no Mortal but your self avail;
 Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.
 And now when both had drank an equal Share,
 Cries NICHOLAS, sit down, and draw your Chair.
 But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,
 To no Man living to betray the Troth:
 For, trust me, what I'm going to relate
 Is Revelation, and as sure as Fate:
 And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,
 No Hare in *March* will be so mad as you.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,
 And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.
 I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,
 To Chick, or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, JOHN, quoth NICHOLAS, I will not hide
 What by my Art I have of late descry'd;
 How, as I por'd upon fair CYNTHIA's Light,
 Should fall on *Monday* next, at Quarter-Night,
 A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,
 That NOAH's Flood was but a Spoonful to't.
 This World, within the Compass of an Hour
 Shall all be drown'd; so hideous is the Show'r,
 As will the Cattle and Mankind devour.

Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!
 My Bosom-Comfort, and my better Life!
 And must she drown and perish with the rest?
 My ALISON, the Darling of my Breast;
 At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh, and is there no Relief,
 No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left?
 Are we, alas! of ev'ry Hope bereft?
 No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,
 Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work:
 For if by NICHOLAS you will be led,
 And build no Castles in your own wild Head,
 None so secure; for SOLOMON says true,
Work all by Counsel, and you cannot rue.
 If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
 I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee;
 By my own Art against the Flood prevail,
 And make no Use of either Mast or Sail.
 Have you not heard how, when the World was naught,
 NOAH by heav'nly Inspiration taught;
 Ay, ay, quoth JONN, I've in my Bible found,
 That once, upon a Time, the World was drown'd.
 Hast thou not heard how NOAH was concern'd
 For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,
 Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark,
 And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark?
 Now, Expedition is the Soul and Life
 Of Business; if you love your Self, or Wife,
 Run, fly—for in this Case it is a Crime
 To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.

For ALISON, your self, and me, provide
 Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the Tide:
 But take most special Care that they be large,
 In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.
 Let them be victuali'd well, and see you lay
 Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day;
 Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,
 For then the Flood will 'wage, and not before.
 But one Thing let me whisper in your Ear,
 Let not thy sturdy Servant ROBIN hear,
 Nor bonny GILLIAN know what I relate;
 I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.
 Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save
 Your trusty serving Maid, and honest Knave:
 Suffice it thee, unless thy Wits be mad,
 To have as great a Grace as NOAH had.
 Do you make Haste, and mind the grand Affair;
 To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.
 But when these Kneading Tubs are ready made,
 Which may secure us when the Floods invade;
 See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
 That none our providential Plot defery;
 And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store
 Of Meat, and Drink, as I have said before,
 And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,
 To cut the Cord; and set us all afloat:
 Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies
 Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,
 Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,
 Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide,

Then

Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take
In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake,
Then will I cry, Ho! ALISON, and JOHN,
Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon.
Then wilt thou answer, Master NICHOLAY,
Good-morrow, for I see it is broad Day.
Then shall we reign as Emperors for Life,
O'er all the World, like NOAH and his Wife.
But one Thing I almost forgot to tell,
Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me well)
That on that very Night we go Abroad,
All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word;
But all the Time employ our holy Mind
In earnest Pray'rs, for thus has Heav'n enjoyn'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,
Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.
To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,
We to our Kneading-Tubs will flyly creep;
There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,
And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.
Go now; I have no longer Time to spare
In Sermoning, use expeditious Care:
Your Apprehension needs no more Advice;
One single Word's sufficient for the Wise:
And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;
Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.
Away hies JOHN, with melancholy Look,
And sigh'd and groan'd at every Step he took.

To ALISON he does his Fate deplore,
 And tells a Secret which she knew before :
 But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen Leaf*,
 And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief ;
 Crying, Alas ! what shall I do ?—Be gone—
 Help us t'escape, or we are all undone :
 I am thy true and very wedded Wife,
 Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

*What strong Impressions does Affection give !
 By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.
 Howe'er absurd Things in themselves appear,
 Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This silly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,
 And thinks of nothing else but NOAH's Flood ;
 Believes he sees it, and begins to quake,
 And all for ALISON his Honey's Sake.
 He's over-run with Sorrow, and with Fear,
 And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear,
 A Kneading trough, a Tub, and * *Kemeling*,
 He gets by Stealth, and sends 'em to his Inn.
 He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
 And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
 But first he victuall'd them, both Trough and Tub,
 With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles full of mighty Bub ;
 Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,
 And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But

* *A Brewer's Vessel.*

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But e'er this Preparation had been made,
He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,
On certain Matters which concern'd his Trade.

}
}

And now came on the fatal *Monday Night*,
Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light;
And when all Things in Readiness were set,
These three their Ladders take, and up they get.
Now *Pater-noster*, * *clum*, said ALISON,
And *clum*, quoth NICHOLAS, and *clum*, quoth JOHN.
This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,
For Men in Fear are very apt to pray.
Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.

And now, at † *Curfew Time*, dead Sleep began
To fall upon this easy simple Man;
Who, after so much Care and Business past,
And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.
Soft down the Ladder stole this lovely Pair,
Good NICHOLAS, and ALISON the Fair;
Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep
Of JOHN, poor Cuckold! who was fast asleep.
There

* *A Note of Silence.*

† *Curfew*, WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first
Year of his Reign, commanded, that in every Town and Vil-
lage, a Bell should be rung every Night at eight of the Clock;
and that all People should then put out their Fire and Candle,
and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was called *Curfew*,
that is, Cover Fire.

But

There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,
 And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy;
 'Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
 And the fat Fryars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish-Clark, this am'rous *ABSALON*,
 Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
 At *O'ney* happen'd, with a jovial Crew,
 To spend the Monday as they us'd to do;
 There pulls a certain Fryar by the Sleeve,
 With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,
 When saw you *JOHN* the Carpenter, he cries;
 Last Saturday the Cloisterer replies,
 Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes:
 Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,
 Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,
 And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two;
 Or else at Home—I know no more than you.

This made *NAB*'s boiling Blood with Pleasure start,
 The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.
 Now is my Time, thinks he, the Moon is bright,
 Nor care I, if I travel all the Night;
 For at his Door, since Day began to spring,
 I've seen, like him, no Kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd—to *ALISON* I'll go,
 When the first Morning Cock begins to crow;
 And to her Window privately repair;
 Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care:

I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,
For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.
Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,
At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.
My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems
That I shall kiss; besides my pleasant Dreams
Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess
That I may haply meet with some Success;
But for an Hour or two before I go,
I'll first refresh me with a Nap or so.

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose
The jolly ABALON, and up he rose.
But first he dresses finical and gay,
And looks like any Beau at Church or Play,
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And, wash'd with Rosewater, looks fresh and fair;
Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

Sweet ALISON, my Honey-comb my Dear,
My Bird, my Cinamon, your Lover bear.
Awake, and speak one Word before I part;
But one kind Word, the Balsam to my Heart.
Little you think, alas! the mighty Woe,
Which for the Love of thee I undergo.
For thee I swelter, and for thee I sweat,
And mourn as Lambkins for the Mother's Teats.

*Nor false my Grief, nor does the Turtle Dove
Lament more truly, or more truly love.*

I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee——

Get from my Window, you Jack Fool, said she;

I love another of a different Hue

From such a silly Dunder-head as you.

If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,

My Chamber-pot shall be about your Pate.

Be gone, you empty Sot, and let me sleep;

At this poor ABSALON began to weep,

And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore;

Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before?

Since, then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,

Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss obtain.

And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,

Quoth ALISON? *As certainly, my Dear!*

Make ready then—Now, NICHOLAS, lye still;

'Tis such a Jest that you shall laugh your fill:

Ravish'd with Joy, NAB fell upon his Knees,

The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;

In silent Raptures he began to cry,

No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.

I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss

Is an Assurance of a farther Bliss.

The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,

Cries ALISON, be quick, and make no Noise;

I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,

For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then

Then filken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
 To wipe his Mouth full clean, to kiss the Dame.
 Dark was the Night, as any Coal or Pitch,
 When at the Window she clap'd out her Breech.
 The Parish-Clerk ne'er doubted what to do,
 But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell too.
 On her blin'd Side full favourly he prest
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.
 Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,
 That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were rough:
What have I done, quoth he? and rav'd and star'd,
At me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard.
 He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,
 That he was born to kiss my Lady's Arse.
 * Tehea she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,
 While ABSALON with Grief and Anger goes
 To meditate Revenge; and to requite
 The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.
 And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with Chips,
 He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.
 Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest Evil!*
Than meet with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,
I rather had went head-long to the Devil.
To kiss a Woman's Breech! Ob, it can't be born!
But my Soul: I'll be reveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool,
 And ABSALON's no more an am'rous Fool:

* A Note of Laughter.

For since his Purpose was so foully crost,
 He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost:
 And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy
 All whining Coxcombs, with a scornful Eye:
 But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,
 He wept, as does a School Boy, when he's beat:
 In a soft doleful Pace, at last, he came
 To an old *Vulcan*, JARVIS was his Name;
 Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,
 In hammering Iron Bars and Plough-shares toil'd.
 Hither repair'd, by one or two a-Clock,
 Poor ABSALON, and gave an easy Knock.
Who's there, that knocks so late, Sir JARVIS cries?
 'Tis I, the pensive ABSALON replies,
 Open the Door. *What, ABSALON, (quoth he)*
The Parish-Clark! Ah! Benedicite
Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,
Has led you out so late upon the Trot.
Some merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;
You know my Meaning — but I'll say no more

This ABSALON another Distaff drew,
 And had more Tow to spin than JARVIS knew:
 He minded not a Bean of all he said,
 For other Things employ'd his careful Head.
 At last he Silence breaks, *dear Friend*, he cries,
Lend's that bot Pur, which in the Chimney lies:
I have occasion for't, no Questions ask,
To bring it back again shall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth JARVIS, were it Gold,
Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold :
With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,
I'll lend it thee ; but what wilt do therewith ?
For that, quoth ABSALON, nor Care, nor Sorrow,
I'll give a good Account of it To-morrow.
Then up the Cutler in his Hand he caught,
Tripp'd out with silent Pace and wicked Thought.
Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
With which to JOHN the Carpenter's he stole.
There first he cough'd, and, as his usual Wont,
Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't,
Who's there, quoth ALISON ? Some Midnight Rook,
Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.
Ah ! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,
'Tis ABSALON, my Life, my better Self !
A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
By a known Graver exquisitely wrought :
Beside a Posie most divinely writ
By a fam'd Poet and notorious Wit.
My Mother gave it me, ('tis wond'rous fine)
She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss —
Now NICHOLAS by chance rose up to piss :
Thinking to better and improve the Jest,
He should salute his Breech before the rest.
With eager Haste and secret Joy he went,
And his Posteriors out at Window sent.

Here

Here ABSALON, the Wag, with subtile Tone,
 Whispers my Love! my Soul! my ALISON!
 Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art—
 At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke
 As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.
 The Clerk was ready, and with hearty Gust,
 The red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.
 Strait off the Skin, like shrivel'd Parchment flew,
 His Breech as raw as St. BARTHOLOMEW.
 The Cutler had so sing'd his Hinder-part,
 He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart:
 In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one beside his Wits,
 Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
 The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep;
 He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
 Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
 And from the Clouds does NOAH's Deluge pour.
 Up then he sits, and without more ado,
 He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.
 Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheese, and all,
 And JOHN himself had a confounded Fall;
 Dropt from the Roof upon the Floor, astound,
 He lies as dead, and swims upon the Ground.

Then NICHOLAS, to play the Counterfeit,
 With ALISON, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the Tide,
To know the Reason why was Murder cry'd.
There they beheld poor JOHN, a gasping Man;
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan:
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm;
But stand it out he must, to his own Harm.
For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.
They told the People that the Man was Wood,
And dream'd of nothing else but NOAH's Flood.
His heated Fancy of this Deluge rung,
That to the Roof three Kneading-Troughs he hung,
With which in Danger he design'd to swim,
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim;
He begg'd and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave
An universal Shout and hideous Laugh.
Now on the Roof, and now on JOHN they gape,
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.
He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.
Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind;
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,
And JOHN remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel are vain,
And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain,

Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse
 Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
 Thus ALISON, her Cuckold, does defy,
 And ABSALON has kiss'd her nether Eye;
 While NICHOLAS is scalded in the Breech,
 My Tale is done; God save us all, and each.



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B A U C I S

AND

P H I L E M O N,

Imitated from the 8th Book of Ovid.

By JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

IN antient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strolc about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hóspitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write,
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Masquerade,

F 2

Disguis'd

Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits went
 To a small Village down in *Kent* ;
 Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
 They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
 But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
 Treated at this ungodly Rate,
 Having through all this Village past,
 To a small Cottage came at last,
 Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
 Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *PHILEMON*.
 Who kindly did the Saints invite
 In his poor Hut to pass that Night ;
 And then the hospitable Sire
 Bid Goody *BAUCIS* mend the Fire ;
 While he from out the Chimney took
 A Flitch of Bacon off the Hook,
 And freely from the fattest Side
 Cut out large Slices to be fry'd :
 Then stept aside to fetch 'em Drink,
 Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
 And saw it fairly twice go round ;
 Yet (what is wonderful) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.
 The good old Couple was amaz'd,
 And often on each other gaz'd ;

For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry——What art!
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant:
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints, the Hermits said:
No Hurt shall come to you or yours;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd;
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke; when, fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist;
But with the Upside down, to show
Its Inclination for Below.
In vain, for a superior Force,
Apply'd at Bottom, steps in Course;
Doom'd ever in Suspense to dwell;
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.

A wooden Jack, which had almost
 Lost, by Disuse, the Art to roast,
 A sudden Alteration feels,
 Increas'd by new intestine Wheels;
 And, what exalts the Wonder more,
 The Number made the Motion slow'r:
 The Flyer, though'r had leaden Feet,
 Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see't;
 But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
 Had never left each other's Side;
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
 The Jack would not be left alone;
 But up against the steeple rear'd,
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd:
 And still its Love to Household Cares,
 By a shrill Voice, at Noon declares,
 Warning the Cook-maid not to burn
 That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning Chair began to crawl,
 Like a huge Snail, along the Wall;
 There stuck aloft, in publick View,
 And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
 Hung high and made a glitt'ring Show,
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,
 Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd.

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood;
Now seem'd to look Abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter;
And, high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews;
Which still their antient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks dispos'd to Sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host,
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
PHILEMON, having paus'd a-while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile:
Then said; my House is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease.
Make me the Parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels;

He fees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve :
 His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a Sable Hue ;
 But being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
 His Talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
 Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;
 Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
 Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;
 At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
 And had the Service all by Heart ;
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
 And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last ;
 Against Dissenters would repine,
 And stood up firm for *Right Divine* ;
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
 But Classic Authors——he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
 Dame BAUCIS next they play'd their Farce on :
 Instead of home-spun Coifs, were seen
 Good Pinners edg'd with *Colberteen* ;
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black Sattin, flounc'd with Lace.
 Plain Goody would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her Grogram Gown.
 PHILEMON was in great Surprize,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,

Amaz'd

Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy, in their Change of Life,
Were several Years this Man and Wife;
When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing on old Stories past,
They went, by chance, amidst their Talk,
To the Church-yard, to take a Walk;
When BAUCIS hastily cry'd out,
My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout.
Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me Jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And truly yours is budding too——
Nay, now I cannot stir my Foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking Root——

Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to Ewes,
Old Goodman DOBSON of the Green,
Remembers he the Trees has seen:
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to see the Sight.
On Sundays, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Parish there;
Points out the Place of either Ew,
Here BAUCIS, there PHILEMON grew:

'Till once a Parson of our Town,
 To mend his Barn, cut BAUCIS down:
 At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other Tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-Top, was stunted;
 So the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.





ON THE
DEATH
OF
Queen MARY.

By the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, 1694.

POEMA est PICTURA loquens.

I.

LONG our divided State
Hung in the Ballance of a doubtful Fate,
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dispell'd,
And all the Griefs of *Albion* heal'd:
Her the united Land obey'd,
No more to Jealousy inclin'd,
Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Virtue join'd.
She knew her Task, and nicely understood
To what Intention Kings are made;
Not for their own, but for the People's Good.
'Twas that prevailing Argument alone
Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne:
And yet with Sadness she beheld
A Crown divolving on her Head,

By

By the Excesses of a Prince misled,
 When by her Royal Birth compell'd,
 To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
 Tho' by a servile Faction blam'd,
 How graceful were the Tears she shed!

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd;
 Her ruling Arts in their true Lustre shin'd,
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd;
 'Twas her Authority and Care supply'd
 The Safety, which our Want of Troops deny'd.

Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and, like her Eyes, serene.
 Vain was th' Invader's Force, Revenge, and Pride,
 MARIA reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.

The Scepter by her self unsought,
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroick Mind;
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd.
 So the *Dictator*, from Retirement brought,
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
 Accurs'd Disease! how long
 Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
 Robb'd of the Hope and Comfort of their Age!

From

From the unhappy Lover's Side,
How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!
Now, like a Tyrant, rising by Degrees
To worse Extreams, and blacker Villanies,
Practis'd in Ruin for some Ages past,
Thou hast brought forth a general one at last.

Common Disasters Sorrow raise;
But Heav'n's severer Frowns amaze
The QUEEN! a Word, a Sound,
Of Nations once the Hope and firm Support,
Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
The Joy of all, the Wisest and the Best:

A Name which Eccho did rebound
With loud Applause from neighb'ring Shores,
Their Admiration, the Delight of ours,
Becomes unutterable now.

The Crouds in that dejected Court,
Where languishing MARIA, lay,
Want Pow'r to ask the News they want to know:
Silent their drooping Heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims th' approaching Woe:

Ev'n MARIA's latest Care,
Whom Winter's Seasons, nor contending Jove,
Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Purpose move,
(Deaths sedate,
Intrepid in the Storms of War, and in the Midst of flying
Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty Weight.

The Hero to the Man gives Way,
Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
To fierce Dissention, or despotick Sway;

Redeem'd

Redeem'd from Anarchy, to be undone
 By the mistaken Measures of the Throne.
 Thy Monarch's meditating dark Designs,
 Or boldly throwing off the Mask,
 Fond of the Power, unequal to the Task;
 Thy self without remaining Signs,
 Of antient Virtue so deprav'd,
 As ev'n to wish to be enslav'd;

(so low,

What more than human Aid could raise thee from a State
 Protect Thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe?
 Something Celestial sure, a Heroine
 Of matchless Form, and a Majestic Mien;
 Awful, respected, fear'd, but more belov'd;
 More than her Laws her great Example mov'd.
 The Bounds that in her Godlike Mind
 Were to her Passions set, severely shin'd,
 But that of doing Good was unconfin'd:
 So just, that absolute Command,
 Destructive in another Hand,
 In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful made;
 Oh had she longer staid,
 Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd!
 For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung,
 The tuneful Nine could never have aspir'd
 To a more lofty and immortal Song.

THE



The DUKE of

Devonshire's ALLUSION

To the ARCHBISHOP of

Cambray's TELEMACHUS.

Written in the Year 1707.

CAMBRAY, you set, when heav'nly Love you write,
The noblest Image in the clearest Light!
A Love, by no Self-Interest debas'd,
But on th' Almighty's high perfection plac'd!
A Love, in which true Piety consists,
That soars to Heav'n without the Help of Priests!

Let

Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
 Support the Cheat from whence her Income flows.
 Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,
 If best your elevated Notions suit
 With what to Reason seems th' Almighty's due;
 They have, at least, an Air of being true.
 And what can animated Clay produce,
 Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse?
 But when, descending from th' imperial Height,
 You stoop of Sublunary Things to write,
MINERVA seems the Moral to dispense:
 How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense!
 Not the *Aonian* Bard with such a Flame
 E'er sung of *Ruling Arts*; your lofty Theme
 In your *TELEMACHUS*, his Hero's Son,
 We see the great Original outdone.
 There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm:
 Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd
 T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
 Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so;
 In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
 The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the Plain,
 Without the Sun's too near Approach, serene:
 But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
 The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.
 What tho' elab'rate Bra'ss with Nature strive,
 And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive;
 With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
 With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought?

And

And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
 There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
 Such Prodigies of Art, or costly Pains,
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabble's Chains.
 O despicable State of all that groan
 Under a blind Dependency on One!
 How far inferior to the Herds that range,
 With native Freedom, o'er the Woods and Plains!
 With them no Fallacies of Schools Prevail,
 Nor of a Right Divine, the nauseous Tale,
 Can give to one among themselves the Pow'r,
 Without Controul, his Fellows to devour.
 To reasoning human Kind alone, belong
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reas'ning wrong.
 Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
 Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man:
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;
 For who would be a Slave that can resist?
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,
 Who makes the People's Interest their own;
 And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
 Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.
 O Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost;
 Like Health, when wanted, thou art valu'd most!
 In Regions where no Property is known,
 Thro' which the *Garone* runs, and rapid *Rhone*,
 Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own;
 How gladly would they quit their native Soil,
 And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil!

3

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As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
 In Sight of *Italy's* delightful Shore,
 Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more :
 Thy Laws have still their Force. Above the rest
 Of *Gothick* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*, blest !
 Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,
 And servilely of their Subjection boast.
 Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists
 Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests ;
 Unshaken yet, the Government subsists.
 While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
 Redd'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po* ;
 Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle ! her Thunder sends,
 To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
 Say Muse, since no Surprize, or foreign Stroke,
 Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak,
 Since wholesome Laws her Liberty transfer
 To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear ?
 Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away ?
 Have *Universities* so great a Sway ?
 The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
 On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
 Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhyme,
 My creeping Number she forbids to climb :
 Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
 And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.
 An antique Pile, near *Thames's* silver Stream,
 Was the first Object of my airy Dream ?
 In antient Times a consecrated Fane,
 But since apply'd to Uses more prophane ;

Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
 Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong;
 Of good and bad the variable Test,
 Where the Religion that was voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.
 On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
 Of hideous Form, second to none in Hell.
 The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
 Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd,
 Her particolour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious Murthers, Freeman rack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish Rage
 Of fierce Dragons, sparing no Sex nor Age;
 With all the horrid Instruments of Death,
 Of tort'ring Innocents t'improve their Faith,
 Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
 Thus she began: "Are then my Labours vain,
 " That to the Pow'r's of *France* have added *Spain*?
 " Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great;
 " And shall a Woman my Designs defeat,
 " Baffle th' infernal Projects I've begun,
 " And break the Measures of my fav'rite Son?
 " Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
 " That made their Humours of their Laws take Place;
 " And, slighting Coronation-Oaths, disdain'd
 " Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.
 " Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
 " Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
 " Under this Roof, with Management, I may
 " The Progress of her Arms at least delay;

" From

116 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

- " From a contagious Vapour I will blow,
- " Within these Walls Breaches shall wider grow:
- " Here let imaginary Fears prevail,
- " And give a Colour to affected Zeal.
- " From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,
- " Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
- " If once my treach'rous Arts, and watchful Care,
- " Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
- " Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
- " And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound;
 Which would all Order, and all Peace confound,
 I cry'd, infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
 Thee, with her Arms, let *ANNA* overcome.
 Here *ANNA* reigns, a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd,
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
 As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
ANNA th' invaded sinking Empire frees,
 Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,
 Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World her Fame.
 At *ANNA*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
 The execrable Phantom disappear'd.





T H E
Female Reign ;
A N
O D E,

Alluding to the 14th O D E of the
IVth BOOK of HORACE.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

Attempted in the Style of PINDAR.

With a LETTER to a Gentleman in the
UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.



S I R,

THIS comes to congratulate you on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have bless'd the Arms of her Majesty and her Allies. I leave you to the printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign, with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with v. hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus:

Qualem Ministrum Fulminis Alitem, &c.

And was written in Complement to Augustus, on Occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he
does

does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor, (who was not in the Action) with, *Te Concilium, & tuos præbente Divos.* If you ask wherein I have trod in the Steps of Horace, you will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in View, and used him only where he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same Liberty with Alcæus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyrick, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken Care to play always in Sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar; to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over head and Ears; but I have endeavour'd to have made myself not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sate down: And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any Sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that acerb Spiritus & Vis,
recom-

recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines no Pindarick Ode, or irregular Stanzas, gives me no Disturbance; for however the seeming Wildness of this Sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English; and it would shew a strange Depravity in our Taste, if it should, as may be witnessed by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. But to make an End of this tedious Epistle: You will see through the Whole, that her *MAJESTY* is the Chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign, which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. COBB.

THE



THE
FEMALE REIGN;
AN
ODE.

I

WHAT can the *British* Senate give,
To make the Name of *ANNA* live?

By future People to be sung,

The Labour of each grateful Tongue.

Can faithful Registers, or Rhyme,

In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,

The *Wonders of her Reign* transmit

To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can *Painter's* Oil, or *Statuary's* Art,

Eternity to her impart?

No! Titled Statues are but empty Things,

Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,

The Sacrifice of Flattery

To lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian* Kings.

G

True

122 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

True *Virtue* to her *kindred Stars* aspires,
Does all our *Pomp* of *Stone* and *Verse* surpass,
And mingling with *Ethereal Fires*,
No *useless Ornament* requires,
From *Speaking Colours*, or from *Breathing Brass*.

II.

Greatest of Princes! where the wand'ring *Sun*
Does o'er *Earth's habitable Regions* roll,
From th' *Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,
And sees thy *Race of Glory* run
With *Swiftnefs* equal to his own.
Thee on the *Banks of Flandrian Scaldis* sings
The *jocund Swain*, releas'd from *Gallie Fear*:
The *English Voice* unus'd to hear,
Thee the repeating *Banks*, Thee ev'ry *Valley* rings.
The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the *Flames*
Of those who drink the *Maese* or *Thames*,
From the *Britannick Valour* flies,
No longer able to withstand
The *Thunderbolt* launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
Or *Light'ning* darted from her *Eyes*.

III.

What *treble Ruin* pious *ANNA* brings
On false *Electors*, perjur'd *Kings*,
Let the *twice fugitive Bawarian* tell;
Who, from his *airy Hope* of *better State*,
By *Lust of Sway*, *irregularly Great*,
Like an *Apostate Angel* fell:

Who

Who by *Imperial* Favour rais'd,
 I'th' highest Rank of Glory blaz'd:
 And had 'till now unrival'd shone
More than a King, contented with his own.
 But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
 Who durst assault the Throne of GOD;
 And for contented Realms of blisful Light,
 Gain'd the *sad Privilege* to be
 The *First* in *solid* Misery,
 Monarch of *Hell*, and *Woes*, and *endless Night*.
Corruption of the Best is Worst,
 And foul Ambition, like an evil Wind,
 Blights the fair Blossoms of a noble Mind;
 And if a *Seraph* fall, He's *doubly* curst.

IV.

Had *Guile*, and *Pride*, and *Envy* grown
 In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
 Nor ever had on Earth the *baleful Crop* been sown;
 The Swain, *without Amaze*, had till'd
 The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field:
 Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
 The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
 No *Crimson* Streams had lately swell'd
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
 But *Evils* are of necessary Growth,
 To rouse the Brave, and banish Sloth.
 And some are born to win the Stars,
 By *Sweat*, and *Blood*, and worthy *Scars*.

Heroic Virtue is by Action seen,
 And Vices serve to make it keen ?
 And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise,
NASSAU's and *ANNA's* leave the Skies,
 The *Earth-born Monsters* to chastise ;
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
 For an *ALCIDES*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, Heav'nly *Muse*, you burn with a Desire
 To praise the Man whom all admire ;
 Come from thy learn'd *Castalian Springs*,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegasean Wings* :
 Strike the loud *Pindaric Strings*,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings ;
 And as you sail the liquid Skies,
 Cast on * *Menapian Fields* your weeping Eyes :
 For weep they surely must,
 To see the *bloody annual Sacrifice* ;
 To think how the *neglected Dust*,
 Which, with Contempt, is basely trod,
 Was once the Limbs of Captains, brave and just,
 The *Mortal Part* of some great *DEMIGOD* ;
 Who for thrice fifty Years of stubborn War,
 With slaught'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
 Have dug the *mighty Sepulchre*,
 And sell as Martyrs on Record,
 Of Tyranny reveng'd, and Liberty restor'd.

* *The MENAPII were the ancient Inhabitants of Flanders.*

VI. See,

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain,
 Th' *Heroic Man*, inspir'dly brave,
 Mowing across, bestrews the Plain,
 And with *new Tenants* crowds the *wealthy* Grave.
 His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
 His Looks as chearfully serene,
 The routed Battle to pursue,

At once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*,
 When to her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.

The gath'ring Troops he kens from far,
 And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight,
Courting the War, and *glowing* for the Fight,
 The new *Salmonsus* meets the *Celtic Thunderer*.

Ah, cursed Pride ! Infernal Dream !

Which drove him to this wild Extream,

That *Dust* a *Diety* should seem ;

Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,

Th' *immortal Man*, or *mortal God* :

With *rattling* Brass, and *trampling* Horse,

Should counterfeit th' *inimitable* Force

Of *Divine Thunder* : Horrid Crime !

But *Vengeance* is the *Child of Time*,

And will too surely be repay'd

On his profane devoted Head,

Who durst affront the Pow'rs above,

And their eternal Flames disgrace,

Too fatal, brandish'd by the *Rightful Jove*,

Or *PALLAS*, who supplies his Place.

VII.

The *British Pallas*! who, as * HOMER's did
 For he lov'd DIOMEDE,
 Her *Hero's* Mind with Wisdom fills,
 And *Heav'nly* Courage in his Heart instils.
 Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does he ride,
 With *ANNA's* Angels by his Side.
 With what uncommon Speed
 He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed!
 And pushes on thro' midmost Fires,
 Where *France's* Fortune with her Sons retires.
 Now here, now there, the *sweepy* *Ruin* flies;
 † As when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The *Southern Wind* afflicts the Skies.

* HOMER, in his Fifth ILIAD, because his *Hero* is to do Wonders beyond the Power of MAN, premises, in the Beginning, that PALLAS had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

† *Indomitas prope qualis undas
 Exercet Auster, Pleiadum Choro
 Scindente Nubes, impiger Hostium
 Vexare Turmas, & frementem
 Mittere Equum medios per Ignes.
 Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
 Qui Regna Dauni præfuit Appuli,
 Cum sævit, horrendam quo cultis
 Diluvium meditatur Agris.*

Then,

Then, mutt'ring o'er the Deep, buffets th' unruly Brine,
 'Till Clouds and Water seem to join.
 Or as a Dyke cut by malicious Hands,
 O'erflows the fertile Netherlands;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th' impetuous Sea,
 Lavish of his new Liberty,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise,
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the rip'ning Grain,
 Far as th' Horizon he destroys,
 The weeping Shepherd from an Hill bewails the
 wat'ry Reign.

VIII.

So rapid flows th' unprison'd Stream!
 So strong the Force of MINDELHEIM!
 In vain the Woods of Audenard
 Would shield the Gaul, a fenceless Guard.
 As soon may Whirl-winds be with-held,
 As his Passage o'er the Scheldt.
 In vain the Torrent would oppose,
 In vain arm'd Banks, and num'rous Foes,
 Who with inglorious Haste retire,
 Fly faster than the River flows,
 And swifter than our Fire.
 Vendosme from far upbraids their nimble Shame,
 And pleads his Royal Master's Fame.

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By CONDE's mighty Ghost, he cries,
 By TURENNE, LUXEMBURGH, and all
 Those noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice
 At * *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,
 Stop, I conjure you, your ignominious Flight :
 But *Fear* is deaf to *Honour's* Call.
 Each frowning Threat and soothing Pray'r
 Is lost in the regardless Air.
 As well he may
 The Billows of the Ocean stay,
 While CHURCHILL, like a driving Wind,
 Or *high Spring-Tide*, pursues behind,
 And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, EUGENIUS, thy important Care,
 Thou *second Thunder-bolt of War* !
 Partner in Danger and in Fame ;
 With MARLBOROUGH's, the Winds shall bear
 To distant Colonies, thy conqu'ring Name.
 Nor shall my Muse forget to sing
 From Harmony what Blessings spring :
 To tell how Death did enviously repine,
 When in a Ball's destroying Shape she past,
 And mark'd thy threaten'd Brow at last :

* *Near this Place the Prince of CONDE gave the
 Spaniards a very great Overthrow, 1648.*

But

But durst not touch that Sacred Brain,
Where the Concerns of *Europe* reign:
For strait she bow'd her ghastly Head;
She saw the *Mark of Heav'n*, and fled.
As cruel BRENNUS once insulting *Gaul*,
When he, at *Allia's* fatal Flood,
Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman* Blood,
With conscious Awe forsook the *Capitol*,
Where Jove, Revenger of Profaneness, stood.

X.

But where the Good and Brave command,
What *Capitol*, what Castle can withstand?
Virtue, as well as *Gold*, can pass
Thro' Walls of Stone, and Tow'rs of Brass.
LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,
And always yielded to the Bold and Young;
The fairest Progeny of *Vauban's* Art,
'Till SAVOY's warlike Prince withstood
Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood
Tore the bright Darling from th'old Tyrant's Heart,
Such * *Buda* saw him, when proud † *ARTI* fell,
Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!

* He bore a considerable Share in the Glory of that
Day on which *Buda* was taken.

† He was *Bassau* of the City, and lost his Life on the
Breach.

VICEM GERIT ILLA TONANTIA.

Who

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Who, vanquish'd by superior Strength,
Surrender'd up his haughty Breath,
Upon the Breach measuring his manly Length,
And shunn'd the *Bow-string* by a nobler Death.

XI.

Such * HARSCHAM's Field beheld him in his Bloom,
When Victory bespoke him for her own,
Her Favourite, Immortal Son,
And told of better Years revolving on the Loom :
How he should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
And choak § *Tibiscus* with the Slain ;
While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
Of slaughter'd *Bassaws*, who o'er *Bassaws* roll'd,
And all his num'rous Acts she told,
From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*.

* *This was the fatal Battle to the Turks in the Year 1687. Prince EUGENE, with the Regiments of his Brigade, was the first that enter'd the Trenches; and for that Reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.*

§ *This Battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697. where Prince EUGENE commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the Ottoman Army, which fell upon the principal Commanders more than the common Soldiers; for no less than fifteen Bassaws (five of which had been Viziers of the Bench) were killed, besides the supreme Vizier.*

Where

Miscellaneous POEMS. 131

Where ev'ry Day new Conquests should produce,

Labour for Envy and a Muse :

Where, with her rattling Trumpet's Sound,

Fame should shake the Hills around ;

Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,

Argu'd each Inch of that *important* Ground.

So much in *Virtue's* Scale

True Valour Numbers can out-do,

And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few.

XII.

Honour, with open Arms, receives at last

The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past ;

And show'rs down Lawrels from Above,

On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* love.

And some, *not sparingly*, she throws

For the young *Eagles*, who could try

The *Faith* and *Judgment* of the Sky,

And dare the Sun with steady Eye,

For *Hanover's* and *Prussia* Brows,

Eugenes in Bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.

To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* second Grace,

Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,

The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,

And prophesies, from so serene a Morn,

To what clear Glories he is born,

When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light,

He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn :

And

132 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
 And he, (since Death will never spare
 The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)
 In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown,
 Shall after his *Great Father* sit,
 (If Heav'n so long a Life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing Tide
 Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,
 The Purchase of an *honest Sweat*,
 Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's Vessel* guide.

XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which in *ANNA's* Reign,
 And prudent *Pilotry*, enjoys
 The Tempest which the World destroys,
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject Main,
 O may she soon a quiet Harbour gain!
 And sure the promis'd Hour is come,
 When in soft Notes the *peaceful Lyre*
 Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
 Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
 And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.

When *War*, by Parents curs'd, shall quit the Field,
 Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
 His weary'd Limbs, sit on his *idle* Shield,
 With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.
 But if the *Gallie Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart
 Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,
 Prepar'd for th' *irrecoverable Ill*,
 And force th' unwilling Skies to act the last *ungrateful*
 Part : Thy

Miscellaneous P O E M S. 133

Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall whelm
(If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd desolated Realm ;
And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain
(Who with dishonest Envy see
The sweet forbidden Fruits of distant Liberty)
Shall curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female*
Reign.

XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN* like thine,
O *ANNA*, *British* Heroine!
To thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid,
Where'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threaten'd *Rhine*.
Thee, where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows
Beneath fair * *Ulyssippo's* Walls,
The frighted *Lusitanian* calls :
Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore,
To give the lab'ring World Repose,
And *universal Peace* restore.
Thee, *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
By sad Experience taught to own,
That *Virtue* is a safer Way to rise,
A shorter Passage to the Skies,
Than *Pelion* upon *Ossa* thrown :

* *The old Name of Lisbon, said to be built by ULYSSES.*

For

134 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

For they, who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones* become
Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In † *Ætna*, or in † *Arima* to roll,
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but an higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their *Tomb*.

† † *Two Mountains where JUPITER lodged the
 GIANTS.*



To

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To the QUEEN, on the Death of
his Royal Highness Prince
GEORGE of DENMARK,
1708.

By JOSEPH TRAPP, D.D.

WHEN weeping Majesty thro' Clouds appear
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears
'Tis universal Grief; and all would show
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.
While others various Arts of Comfort use;
Accept of mine, Great Princess, nor refuse
The Consolations of th' officious Muse,
Who sighs for you, and labours in his Turn,
To heal that Sorrow, while Kingdoms mourn.

With Cause indeed you grieve, with mighty Cause
Lament harsh *Destiny's* resistless Laws,
When the dear Partner of our Joys and Cares
No more survives, no more our Counsel shares:
No longer lives t' adorn your Court, and bless
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,

To

136 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,
 And ease the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns,
 All was harmonious ; no Dispute between
 Th' ambiguous Rights of Confort and of QUEEN,
 When mutual Tenderneſs unqueſtion'd ſway'd,
 And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
 How did the pious Royal Pair improve
 The brighteſt Patterns of Connubial Love !
 Which ſtill in all ſhall Admiration raiſe ;
 O ! would they imitate, as well as praiſe.

In Life's Decay, to Sickneſs forc'd to yield,
 He fought, 'tis true, no Lawrels in the Field :
 How could he then thoſe tedious Toils ſuſtain,
 With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with Pain ?
 How range the thick'ning Squadron, into Form,
 Or teach th'uncertain Battle when to ſtorm ?
 As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,
 Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to ſhine.
 When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led
 His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,
 With ſwift Deſtruction crush'd the valiant *Swede* :
 Reſcu'd the ſinking Brother from the Foe,
 And ſav'd a King and Kingdom at a Blow.

Or when he march'd with *WILLIAM*'s Arms to join,
 And ſhar'd with him the Glory of the *Boyne*.
 Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours ceaſe ;
 Silent, but not inglorious, was his Eaſe.

Your

Miscellaneous POEMS. 137

Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,
Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.
Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,
An Hero still in Piety, or Arms.

Tho' all these Honours to himself are due,
One more conspicuous he derives from you ;
Confort to such a QUEEN ! That deathless Name
Shall add the brightest Lustre to his Fame ;
Immortalize his Glory, and out-shine
All Regal Titles, but the *Right Divine*.

A Prince so excellent you needs must grieve
To lose, but Heav'n rejoices to receive :
Cease then your Sighs ; while languishing you sit,
Britannia's Genius weeping at your Feet,
The Business of the World suspended stands,
Nor circulates without your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul resides,
The least Disorder feels, the whole Machine
Is pale without, and all untun'd within :
The vital Springs their active Force forget,
And all the lazy Pulses faintly beat.

Enough to Grief you then resign'd your Breast,
Profuse and lavish of your Royal Rest ;
When negligent of all your Pomp and State,
Close by the gasping Prince you pensive sate ;

Outwatch'd

138 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Outwatch'd the Stars with wat'ry sleepless Eyes,
 With Vows incessant importun'd the Skies;
 And vainly struggling with relentless Death,
 Hung on his trembling Lips, and catch'd his flying
 Breath.

As much as could from Destiny be gain'd,
 Your unexampled Piety obtain'd;
 Long doubtful did his lifted Hand forbear
 The threat'ned Stoke, which hov'ring hung in Air,
 Your Pray'rs with Heav'n maintain'd a dubious Strife,
 His Soul long fluttering on the Verge of Life,
 And by a gradual Death at last set free,
 To soften Fate, and smoothe it's harsh Decree.

Nor weep, as if your Glory too were dead,
 And all your Joys with your lov'd Comfort fled,
 No more he holds your Pow'r in either Hand,
 One to controul the Sea, and one the Land:
 Yet Sov'reign o'er these Isles you still remain,
 And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign:
 Yet still your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,
 And ride Majestick o'er the boundless Deep.
 Abroad your conqu'ring Troops lament your Loss
 In dreadful Grief, pernicious to your Foes.
 Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,
 On *Lisle's* retarding Citadel employ'd,
 Murm'ring they paus'd, and Tidings to enquire,
 With Arms reclin'd, and stopt their Storms of Fire;

But

Miscellaneous P O E M S. 139

But soon discharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,
 And pour'd fresh Ruin on their shatter'd Walls.
 MARLB'ROUGH and EUGENE still your Thunder wield,
 In spite of Winter, and maintain the Field ;
 Always victorious, they the Foe engage,
 Like Winter Tempests, with redoubled Rage ;
 Teaching his scatter'd Troops no more to dare
 To stand the sweeping Whirlwind of their War,
 Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance
 On hostile Ground, and closely press on *France*.
Britannia's QUEEN, and all *Britannia's* Pow'rs,
 Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs,
 More terrible in Grief: So Lightnings fly,
 Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds obscure
 the Sky.

Let all your Conquests for his Death atone,
 Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve your own.
 Chiefly to you the Godlike Prince is lost ;
 But think, oh ! think, you grieve at *Europe's* cost, }
 And least should mourn him, tho' you lose him most. }

And you, who near your weeping Sov'reign wait,
 And share the melancholy Pomp of State,
 Use all your Female Tenderness, and find
 The gentlest Arts to recompose her Mind :
 Nor with unskilful pious Haste increase
 The swelling Passion which you strive to ease ;
 But sooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,
 With all the softest Elegance of Grief.
 In sad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,
 And own, your QUEEN has wond'rous Cause to
 mourn. But

140 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

But then intreat her to regard our Fears,
And count the vast Expence of *Royal Tears*.

May Heav'n, and she, if Heav'n our Crimes can
spare,
Make that inestimable Life their Care,
That we implore, with anxious Fears oppress'd,
Sollicitous for That, and thoughtless of the rest.



On



*On the Death of Queen ANNE; and
the Accession of King GEORGE,
1714.*

From the Latin of Bp. SMALRIDGE.

WHEN her *Britannia* wept ELIZA's Doom,
And mourn'd with equal Tears MARIA's
Tomb,

As each deserv'd, each equal Muses drew,
Nor to their Heav'n without a Poet flew;
But now, what bolder Wing her Fame shall try?
Who follow ANNA thro' the boundless Sky?
Who shall describe, in an exalted Strain,
The Wars and Triumphs of a *Female Reign*?
Who Nations in eternal Leagues rehearse,
And Peace well worthy an eternal Verse?

Thou, * *Sacred Dome*, whom Royal Founders claim,
Wonted of old to grace the Royal Name,
And with a † hundred tuneful Tongues return
Thy grateful Sorrow to each Prince's Urn,

* Christ-Church.

† The Number of Students.

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Do thou with proper Notes the Youth inspire ;
 Breathe *VIRGIL's* Trumpet, touch th' *HORACIAN* Lyre.
 So may thy Walls to ancient Splendor rise,
 And thy *Athenian* Turrets mate the Skies !

And thou, whose lib'ral Hand my Fortunes rais'd,
 O *QUEEN* ! for ever lov'd, for ever prais'd ;
 Receive the Tribute which my Numbers bring,
 While the Muse strikes the *Elegiac* String :
 While Life was thine, how much to thee I owe,
 How plenteous did thy Stream of Blessings flow ?
 O ! how I grieve, for all thy Bounty gave,
 To bring this mournful Off'ring to thy Grave,
 No Time shall ever from my Mind deface
 Thy Looks, thy Glories, and diviner Grace.
 But most thy ancient Truth, thy pious Soul,
 With constant Glowings in thy Bosom roll ;
 The dear Rememb'rance ever is impress'd,
 What Love of true Religion warm'd thy Breast !
 § Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought
 The Suppliant's Prayer, and for the Wretched fought :
 How kind you heard, how plenteous pour'd your Store
 And tho' I ask'd for much, you granted more.
 Thus at your Sight Afflictions grew more mild,
 And Fortune lost her Anger as you smil'd.

O had but envious Death made some Delay,
 And not so hasty snatch'd the Royal Prey :

§ *He was Lord Almoner to Her Majesty.*

Then,

Then, (may her Promises to me be shown)
 Thy Muses, *Oxford*, had her Blessings known.
 What Domes, O sacred *Mother*, hadst thou seen,
 The pious Gift of a religious QUEEN!
 How had another *Area* rais'd its Head,
 And scornful o'er its ancient Ruins spread!
 What Walls had rose! what lofty Turrets crown'd,
 Theme for thy Sons in future Days to sound.
 But now, when here the Trav'ler turns his Eyes,
 And, ah! the great unfinish'd Labour spies;
 A double Pity rises from his View,
 He mourns the Publick Loss, and *Oxford* too.

Who shall *Britannia's* falling State sustain?
 Who fix the Empire of the Land and Main?
 Who ANNA's Greatness and her Virtues bear,
 And sooth with equal Pity all our Care?

O thou, to whom the Pious Queen resign'd
 A Scepter equal to thy mighty Mind,
 O come, Auspicious! urge thy happy Way,
 And bless thy Subjects with a brighter Day.
 The Nobles Thee, the Fathers Thee require,
 The People Thee, their Guardian God, desire.
 And haply, if the Care of Publick Weight
 Shall call you from the Pomp and Noise of State;
 And here incline you in our calm Retreat,
 To taste the Pleasures of the Muses Seat.

Then,

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Then, Mighty Prince, you better here will see
What ANNA left to be perform'd by Thee.

Then better shall this *Loyal House* proclaim
What Reverence she paid to ANNA's Name,
While to her SUCCESSOR she pays the same.



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The DREAM.

Occasioned by the Death of Q. ANNE.

By AARON HILL, Esq;

S Low-rising Night had her black Flag unfurl'd,
And spread her sooty Mantle o'er the World;
The waning Moon shed, pale, a sickly Light,
And Stars scarce twinkled to th' enquiring Sight:
Half the lost Earth, by Darkness over-run,
Wept, in cold Dews, the Absence of the Sun:
The Waves were hush'd, the Winds forgot to roar,
And Storms, detach'd in Breezes, cours'd the Shore
The mix'd Creation was involv'd in Sleep,
Fishes roll'd, slumb'ring, thro' the stagnate Deep;
Beasts, Birds, and Serpents, various Beds possess,
Some in thick Woods, some in dark Caverns, rest.
Antipathies, in common Sleep, took Part;
Care curs'd not Thought; and Woe forgot to smart:
Immerg'd in Rest, my drowsy Senses lay,
And Death's proud Image practis'd on my Clay;
But, while, disdainful of the mean Controul,
No dull Desires invade my wakeful Soul,

H

Active,

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Active, th' Inspirer, skilful to pursue,
Thro' the wild Tracks of mazy Mem'ry flew;
There, scatter'd Images to Union brought,
And form'd this wond'rous Vision to my Thought.

I found myself, at Dead of deepest Night,
Chear'd by no glim'ring Spark of Remnant Light,
Lock'd in that ancient, venerable Pile,
Which holds her sacred Dust, who lately blest our Isle
Ascending Damps the gloomy Concave sought,
And hung, imprison'd, to th' impervious Vault.
While my shod Feet trac'd swift the dusky Round,
Hoarse Echo's multiply'd the trampling Sound!
The sweating Stones distill'd a noisome Dew,
And Earthy Scents my Death-fed Nostrils drew;
Cold Frosts of Fear pierc'd keen thro' ev'ry Part;
And shiv'ring Agues shook my Ice-bound Heart;
A hollow Wind, from whistling Murmurs, bore
Its gathering Din more high, and strove to roar!
The tatter'd Trophies fan'd the prison'd Air:
And chill Amazement stiffen'd up my Hair!

While fix'd I stood, intent on Rumbings near;
And distant Groans alarm'd my aking Ear!
Sudden, the Temple * shone with rushing Light,
And new-born Terrors overwhelm'd my Sight!
Ghosts, from the loos'ning Pavement, raise their Head,
And yawning Graves disclose their shrowded Dead!
Shot up, in Streams, a Mist of Spirits rise,
As Morning Exhalations streak the Skies.

† *Westminster-Abbey.*

Soul-

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Soul-freezing Horror tingled thro' my Blood,
And curdling Fear bound hard the vital Flood !
Unbending Nerves their dying Vigour lost,
And drooping Life scarce held her dangrous Post:
Large Drops of Sweat from every Finger shed,
And all the Frame of Nature shook with Dread.

From the East End, where mould'ring Monarchs lie,
And Worms, luxuriant, feast on Royalty ;
Where each proud Tomb some Dust of Princes boasts,
There marches out a Troop of Sovereign Ghosts !
Each, in his shadowy Hand, a Scepter brings,
Th' acknowledg'd Mark of Power in living Kings !
A glitt'ring Diadem each Forehead wore ;
Their Robes trail'd loose, and swept the honour'd Floor !
With slow and stately Stride, the Monarchs tread,
And ev'ry meaner Spirit bows its Head !
In foremost Rank, as latest known to Fame,
The grave-brow'd Ghost of awful ANNA came !
Calm and serene, the silent Walks they trace,
And halt, regardful, at each solemn Place.
Visit each Tomb, and in mysterious State,
Hail the dry Remnants of the wasted Great.

This Pomp of Death, thus, wore half Night away,
And came, at length, where DENMARK'S Body lay ;
There ANNA staid, and looking careful round,
With shadowy Scepter touch'd the conscious Ground :
'Tis strange, she sigh'd, that he, whom most I blest,
Has never thank'd me, since I came to Rest !

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The willing Ghost his marbly Fetters broke,
And rose up, slowly, at the pow'rful Stroke :
An Air of Sorrow bent his serious Head ;
His Eyes some seeming Tears, reluctant, shed :
With folded Arms, and discontented Look,
Thrice, bow'd he, gently, and thus, faintly, spoke :

Hail ! Happy Shade ! rest here, unforc'd to reign,
Nor toil, to save a stubborn Land, in vain.
How did just Pity sweeten thy Controul !
How didst thou strain thy Virtue-propping Soul !
How didst thou wish th' unfinish'd Course to run,
And act, in Will, what Power has left undone ;
For this, since Death, Detraction wounds thy Fame :
And insolent Reproach corrodes thy Name.
Ungrateful People ! — Unrepenting State !
Hast thou, O Queen ! *deserv'd* th' ungente Fate ?

He ceas'd ; — Each list'ning Monarch shook his
Head !

While she, to whom he spoke, thus answering, said.
O DENMARK ! wonder not at Ills like those,
ANGELS, if crown'd in ENGLAND, wou'd have Foes.
Desert, like mine, with living Glories paid,
Can fear no Scandal, when become a Shade.
If ought's left wanting to my People's Prayer,
Mourn not th' unfinish'd Progress of my Care :
When Princes some wish'd Good, in vain, pursue ;
By *them* not done, 'tis left for *Heav'n* to do !
Let us, in Peace, enjoy our silent Bed,
Truth always *triumphs*, when she serves the *Dead*.

The



The WEDDING-DAY.

By the Same.

T WAS one *May* Morning, when the Clouds undrawn,

Expos'd, in naked Charms, the waking Dawn ;
When Night-fal'n Dews, by Days warm Courtship
From reeking Roses climb'd to kiss the Sun ; [won,
Nature, new-blossom'd, shed her Odours round ;
The Dew-bent Primrose kiss'd the breeze-swept
Ground :

The watchful Cock had thrice proclaim'd the Day,
And glimm'ring Sunbeams, faintly forc'd their Way :
When, join'd in Hand and Heart to Church we went,
Mutual in Vows, and Prisoners by Consent.

AURELIA's Heart beat high with mix'd Alarms ;
But trembling Beauty glow'd with double Charms.

In her soft Breast a modest Struggle rose,

How she shou'd seem to *like* the Lot she chose :

A Smile, she thought, wou'd dress her Looks too gay,

A Frown might seem too sad, and blast the Day.

But while nor *This*, nor *That*, her Will cou'd bow,

She walk'd, and look'd, and charm'd, and knew not
how !

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Our Hands, at length, th' unchanging *Fiat* bound,
And our glad Souls sprung out to greet the Sound.
Joys, meeting Joys, unite, and stronger shine ;
For Passion, purify'd, grows half Divine :
AURELIA, thou art mine, I cry'd, — and she
Sigh'd soft—Now, *Damon*, Thou art Lord of *me*.

But wilt thou, whisper'd she, the Knot now ty'd,
Which only Death's keen Weapon can divide ;
Wilt thou, still mindful of thy Raptures past,
Permit the Summer of Love's Hope to last ?
Shall not cold Wintry Frosts come on too soon ?
Ah, say ! What means the World by *Honey-Moon* ?
If we so *short* a Space our Bliss enjoy,
What Toils does Love for one poor Month employ !
Women thus us'd, like Bubbles, blown with Air,
Owe to their outward Charms a Sun-gilt Glare :
Like *them*, we glitter to the distant Eye,
But, grasp'd, like them, we do but *weep* and *die* !

Lest more, said I, thou shoud'st profane the Bliss,
I'll seal thy dang'rous Lips, with this close Kiss :
Not thus, the Heav'n of Marriage Hopes blaspheme !
But learn, from me, to speak on this lov'd Theme.
There *have been* Wedlock Joys of swift Decay,
Like Lightning, seen at once, and shot away :
But *Theirs* were Hopes, which, all unfit to pair,
Like Fire and Powder, kiss'd, and flash'd to Air !
Thy Soul and *mine*, by mutual Courtship won,
Meet like two mingling Flames, and make but *one*.
Union

Union of *Hearts*, not *Hands*, does Marriage make ;
 'Tis Sympathy of *Mind* keeps Love awake :
 Our growing Days Increase of Joy shall know,
 And thick-sown Comforts leave no Room for Woe.
 Thou, the soft swelling Vine, shalt fruitful last,
 I, the strong Elm, will prop thy Beauties fast ;
 Thou shalt strow Sweets, to soften Life's rough
 Way ;

And, when hot Passions my proud Wishes sway,
 Thou, like some Breeze, shalt in my Bosom play.
 Thou, for *Protection*, shalt on me depend,
 And I, on thee, for a soft, faithful *Friend*.
 I, in *Aurelia*, shall for ever view,
 At once, my Care, my Fear, my Comfort, too!
 Thou shalt *First* Partner in my Pleasures be,
 But all my Pains shall, *Last*, be known to thee.

AURELIA heard, and view'd me with a Smile,
 Which seem'd, at once, to cherish and revile :
 O God of Love ! she cry'd, ---What Joys were thine,
 If all Life's Race were *Wedding Days*, like mine !





The GNAT.

By the Same.

I

WHILE, in the *Mall*, my CELIA shone,
 And drew th' adoring World to gaze,
 A wanton *Gnat* came buzzing on,
 To gambol in her Blaze.

II.

Enliven'd by her lucid Beams,
 And urging Bliss too nigh;
 'T h' attractive Beauty's powerful Streams,
 O'erwhelm'd him in her Eye.

III.

The glowing Orb, swift catching Fire,
 Now Heat was mix'd with Light;
 The Wings, that durst so high aspire,
 She rubb'd to Dust in Spite.

IV. Mean

IV.

Mean while, the clouded Sight shone dim,
Her Sun thro' Mists appears ;
Moist Anguish rose above the Brim,
And flow'd away in Tears.

V.

O Gnat ! too Happy ! thus too die !
My CELIA weeps thy Fate ;
She kills me, every Day, yet I,
No Pity can create.

VI.

Mysterious Sex ! by Custom led,
Mere Trifles most to prize !
O Truth, to turn a Lover's Head !
They Murder Men, and weep for Flies.





S U S A N N A H

AND THE

TWO ELDERS.

By Mr. COBB.

WHEN Fair *Susannah*, in a cool Retreat
 Of shady Arbours shunn'd the sultry Heat,
 Two wanton Letchers to her Garden came,
 And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame.
 What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
 And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.
 The Story's antient, and (if rightly told)
 Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true! had Authors sung,
 How that the Dame was old, the Lovers young!
 If she had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
 With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
 Lord! how the Story would have shock'd my Creed!
 For that had been a Miracle indeed.

The



The PROSPECT.

Written in the Chiosk at Pera, overlooking Constantinople, Dec. 26, 1717.

By Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

GIVE me, Great God, said I, a little Farm,
In Summer shady, and in Winter warm :
Where a clear Spring gives Birth unto a Brook ;
By Nature gliding down a mossy Rock ;
Not artfully in Leaden Pipes convey'd,
Or greatly falling in a forc'd Cascade,
Pure, and unfully'd, winding thro' the Shade. }

All bounteous Heav'n has added to my Pray'r,
A softer Climate, and a purer Air ;
Our frozen Isle * now chilling Winter binds,
Deform'd by Rains, and rough with blustering Winds ;
The wither'd Woods grown white with hoary Frost,
By driving Storms their verdant Beauty lost.
The trembling Birds their leafless Coverts shun ;
And seek in distant Climes a warmer Sun :
The Water-Nymphs their silenc'd Urns deplore ;
Ev'n *Thames* benumm'd, a River now no more.
The barren Meadows give no more Delight ;
By glis'ning Snow made painful to the Sight.

* ENGLAND,

Here

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Here Summer reigns with one eternal Smile ;
 Succeeding Harvest blefs the happy Soil :
 Fair fertile Fields, to which indulgent Heav'n
 Has ev'ry Charm of ev'ry Season given :
 No killing Cold deforms the beauteous Year ;
 The springing Flowers no coming Winter fear ;
 But, as the Parent-Rose decays and dies,
 The Infant-Buds with brighter Colours rise ;
 Each with fresh Sweets the Mother-Scent supplies :
 Near them the Violet glows, with Odours blest,
 And blooms, in more than *Tyrian*-Purple drest :
 The rich Jonquils their Golden Gleam display,
 And shine in Glories emulating Day :
 Their chearful Groves, their living Leaves retain ;
 Their Streams still murmur, undefil'd by Rain,
 And growing Greens adorn the fruitful Plain :
 The warbling Birds uninterrupted sing ;
 Warm with Enjoyment of perpetual Spring ;
 Here, from my Window, I at once survey
 The crowded City and resounding Sea :
 In distant Views see *Asian* Mountains rise,
 And lose their snowy Summits in the Skies :
 Above these Mountains high *Olympus* tow'rs,
 The Parliamentary Seat of Heav'nly Powers.

New to the Sight, my ravish'd Eyes admire
 Each gilded Crescent, and each antique Spire ;
 The Marble Mosques, beneath whose ample Domes
 Fierce warlike Sultans sleep in peaceful Tombs :
 Those lofty Structures, once the Christian Boast,
 Their Names, their Beauties, and their Honours lost
 Those

Those Altars bright, with Gold, with Sculpture grac'd,
By barb'rous Zeal of Savage Foes defac'd:
Sophia alone her ancient Sound retain,
Tho' unbelieving Vows her Shrine profane;
Where holy Saints have dy'd in sacred Cells,
Where Monarch pray'd, the frantic *Dervise* dwells.

How art thou fall'n, imperial City, low?
Where are thy Hopes of *Roman* Glory now?
Where thy Palaces by Prelates rais'd?
Where Priestly Pomp in purple Lustre blaz'd?
Where *Grecian* Artists all the Skill display'd?
Before the happy Sciences decay'd:
So vast, that youthful Knight might there reside;
So splendid, might content a Patriarch's Pride:
Convents, where Emperors profess'd of old,
The labour'd Pillars that their Triumphs told:
Vain Monuments of Men, that once were great,
Sunk undistinguish'd in one common Fate:
One little Spot the small Recess contains,
Of *Greek* Nobility, the Poor remains;
Whose modern *Helens* shew such pow'rful Charms,
As once engag'd, the warring World in Arms:
Those Names, which Royal Ancestry can boast,
In mean mechanick Arts obscurely lost.
These Eyes a second *Homer* might inspire;
Fix'd at the Loom, destroy their useless Fire.
Griev'd at a View which strikes upon my Mind,
The short-liv'd Vanity of Human Kind.
In gaudy Objects I indulge my Sight,
And turn, where Eastern Pomp gives Day Delight.

See

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See the vast Train in various Habits drest ;
 By the bright Scymiter, and sable Vest,
 The Vizier proud, distinguish'd from the rest.
 Six Slaves, in gay Attire, his Bridle hold ;
 His Bridle rich with Gems, his Stirrups Gold :
 His snowy Steed adorn'd with lavish Pride,
 Whole Troops of Soldiers mounted by his Side :
 These tofs the plumy Crest, *Arabian* Coursers guide :
 With awful Duty, all decline their Eyes ;
 No bellowing Shouts of noisy Crowds arise :
 Silence, in solemn State, the March attends,
 'Till at the dread *Divan*, the slow Procession ends.

Yet not these Prospects all profusely gay ;
 The gilded Navy that adorns the Sea ;
 The rising City, in Confusion fair,
 Magnificently form'd irregular,
 (Where Woods and Palaces at once surprize ;
 Gardens on Gardens, Domes on Domes arise,
 And endless Beauties tire the wand'ring Eyes :)
 So sooth my wishes, or so charm my Mind,
 At this Retreat, secure from Human Kind :
 No Knave's successful Craft does Spleen excite,
 No Coxcomb's taudry Splendor shocks my Sight :
 No Mob-Alarms awake my Female Fear :
 No Praise my Mind, no Envy hurts my Ear :
 Ev'n Fame itself can hardly reach me here.
 Impertinence, with all her tattling Train,
 Fair sounding *Flattery's* delicious Bane :
 Censorious Folly, noisy Party-rage, [gage,
 The Thousand Tongues with which She must en- }
 Who dares have Vertue in a vicious Age ! Ho- }



HORACE. Book IV. Ode V. *Imitated.*

*Addressed to his Grace the Duke of
Marlborough, instead of Augustus, to
whom it is dedicated in the Original.*

By W. PITTIS, M. A.

*Divis orte bonis, optime Romule
Custos Gentis, &c.*

I.

O Born! when Heav'ns propitious deign'd to smile,
Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle!
Too long hast thou been absent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy Britons mourn
Thy slow Return;
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral Right

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'd'st its Shore,
For like the Springs, when thy bright Aspect's seen,
It on the People darts its Rays,
And introduces Sun-shine Days,
And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's serene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
Whom the South-Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
Beyond

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Beyond his wanted and his promis'd Time,
From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
And will not from the Shore avert her Face !

But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs
Expensive of her briny Tears,
In Hopes to see him reach his native Clime.
Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
Britain from *Germany* her *Marlborough* requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Prefence Oxen plow the Fields,
And *Ceres* with Increase her Blessings yields ;
As every Project to our Wish succeeds,
While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
From *Gallia's* Naval Threats is free,
And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy virtuous Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Examples due,
No Peer frequents the long-neglected Stew,
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Punishments come on of Course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot* ?
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* Plot ?
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Swede* ?

If *Marlb'rough's* free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in Arms,
And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger freed.

VII. Be

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise;
Will lop the Sycamore, and prune the Vine,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home, [dine.
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,
While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
With the same Rev'rence to thy Praise,
As *Greece* in antient Days,
Shew'd to their *Castor's* or *Alcides'* deathless Fame.

IX.

O matchless Prince † for so the Muse requests,
Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving Feasts;
Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
Or make one Holiday of Time,
*Till thou celestial Regions climb,
And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.
These are our Day-break Wishes, when a thirst we
wake,
And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers
take.

*Tibi summe Rhēni Domitor, Parens Orbis,
Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt urbes.* MART. l. 9.



A N

ESSAY *on* POETRY.

 By JOHN Duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

O F Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well;
 And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are
 That can the least with *Poetry* compare:
 No Kind of Work requires so nice a Touch;
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.
 'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes,
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the Sun;
 Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
 Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
 Numbers, and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound,
 Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
 Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts;
 For all in vain these superficial Parts

Contribute

Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul*:
A *Spirit*, which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the World about:
A *Heat*, which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ;
'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit*;
Itself unseen, yet all Things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,
O where dost thou retire? And why dost thou return
Sometimes with pow'ful Charms to hurry me away
From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the
E'en now, too far transported, I am fain [Day?
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
As all is Dullness, when the Fancy's bad;
So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad;
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words or Sense,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen.
Reason is that substantial useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,
And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse:
But who that Task can after *Horace* do?
The best of Masters and Examples too!
Echoes at best; all we can say is vain,
Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.

'Tis

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'Tis true, the Antients we may rob with Ease ;
 But who with that sad Shift himself can please ?
 Without an Actor's Pride, a Player's Art
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd Part.
 Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,
 And new Absurdities inspire new Thoughts.
 What need has *Satyr*, then, to live on Theft,
 When so much fresh Occasion still is left ?
 Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
 And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
 But hold, the Fools shall have no Cause to fear ;
 'Tis Wit and Sense that is the Subject here.
 Defects of witty Men deserve a Cure,
 And those who are so, will e'en this endure,

First then of Songs, which now so much abound,
 Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found ;
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part
 Of *Poetry* requires a nicer Art ;
 For as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which Defects is plainly shown
 In some small Ring, and brings the Value down :
 So *Songs* should be to just Perfection wrought ;
 Yet where can we see one without a Fault ?
 Exact Propriety of Words and Thought,
 Expression easy, and the Fancy high,
 Yet *that* not seem to creep, nor *this* to fly ;

No

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No Words transpos'd, but in such Order all,
As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by Chance to fall.
Here, as in all Things else, is most unfit
Bare *Ribaldry*, that poor Pretence to Wit :
Such *nauseous Songs* by a late Author made,
Call an unwilling Censure on his Shade.
Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,
Can shock the *Chastest*, or the *Nicest* cloy ;
But Words obscene, too gross to move Desire,
Like Heaps of Fuel, do but choak the Fire.
On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
Here palls that Appetite he meant to raise.

Next, ELEGY, of sweet but solemn Voice,
And of a Subject grave, exacts the Choice ;
The Praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains ;
And there too oft despairing Love complains.
In vain, alas! for who, by Wit, is mov'd ?
That *Phoenix* *She* deserves to be lov'd.
But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic Sex.
This to the Praise of those who better knew,
The *Many* raise the Value of the *Few*.
But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
Women have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside.
Their greatest Fault, who in this Kind have writ,
Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit :
But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
If yet a just Coherence be not made,
Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid

So

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So right, that ev'ry Step may higher rise,
Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the Skies:
Trifles, like such, perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last.
'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will;
But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill;
No * *Panegyric*, nor a § *Cooper's Hill*.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
Are ODES, the Muses most unruly Horse,
That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possesit.
The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd
With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd.
But ill Expressions sometimes gives Allay
To that rich Fancy which can ne'er decay.
Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
The Language still must soft and easy run.
These Laws may seem a little too severe;
But Judgment yields, and Fancy governs there;
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the Work much easier than it shows.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find,
To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
SATIRE well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the *Remedy is lov'd*.
'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
Without repeating Things said oft before.
Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
That stain a Beauty which so much we love.

* *Waller.*

§ *Denham.*

Of

Miscellaneous POEMS. 167

Of well-chose Words some take not Care enough,
And think they should be, as the Subject, rough.
This Poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only Bus'ness was to rail :
But human Frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a *Satire* from a *Scold*.
Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down ;
A Satire's Smile is sharper than his Frown :
So, while you seem to slight some Rival Youth,
Malice itself may sometimes pass for Truth.
The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,
Crown'd by † *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays ;
Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's ‡ Rhymes,
His own deserve as great Applause sometimes.
But once his *Pegasus* has born dead Weight, §
Rid by some *lumpish* Ministers of State.
Here rest, my Mule, suspend my Cares awhile,
A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil.
As some young Eagle that designs to fly
A long unwonted Journey thro' the Sky,
Considers all the dangerous Way before,
Over what Lands and Seas she is to soar ;

* Mr. Dryden.

† A famous Satirical Poem of his on Mr. Shadwell.

‡ A Copy of Verses, called. An Essay on Satire, for which Mr. Dryden was both Applauded and Beaten, tho' not only Innocent, but Ignorant of the whole Matter.

§ The Hind and Panther.

Doubts

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Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears
That lofty Road of airy Travellers:
But yet incited by some fair Design,
That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views herself with Care,
At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air.
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but to weak for such a weighty Thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing:
And why should Truth offend, when only told
To guide the Ignorant, and warn the Bold?
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
Which, if observ'd, give PLAYS so great a Grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer Faults to purge the present Age,
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, *Soliloquies* had need be few,
Extreamly short, and spoke in Passion too;
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the Pit their Confident:
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.
Th' Occasion should as naturally fall,
As when * *BELLARIO* confesses all.

* *In Philaster, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.*
Figures

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Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
 Art's needless Varnish, to make Nature shine,
 Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
 And in Description only claim a Place :
 But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
 From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force;
 Must needs succeed ; for who can chuse but pity
 A dying Hero miserably witty ?
 But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock
 Is held up, like a Rest at Shittle-cock !
 Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime ;
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime,
 What Things are these, who would be Poets thought,
 By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning taught ?
 Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better Course than this, by which they starve.
 But to write Plays ! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
 To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence :
 Nay more, for they must look within to find
 Those secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.
 Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul.
 All this together yet is but a Part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Grecians* knew,
 From whom the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended, since but by a few. }
 PLATO and LUCIAN are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains :

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Yet to ourselves we Justice must allow,
 SHAKESPEAR and FLETCHER are the Wonders now.
 Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er,
 Go see them play'd, then read them as before ;
 For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,
 Over our Passions still they so prevail,
 That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep ;
 The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep,
 Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.
 First on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts ;
 Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways :
 This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.
 Reject that vulgar Error, which appears
 So fair, of making perfect Characters :
 There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
 A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.
 Some Faults must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
 But such as may deserve Compassion too.
 Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,
 Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart.
 Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place :
 As Painters first chalk out the future Face :
 Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this ;
 But change hereafter what appears amiss.
 Think not so much where shining Thoughts to place,
 As what a Man would say in such a Case.
 Neither in Comedy will this suffice,
 The Player too, must be before your Eyes ;
 And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
 To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose

Expose no single Fop ; but lay the Load
More equally, and spread the Folly broad.
The other Way is vulgar ; oft we see
The Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler Game ; in this low Way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Ill Poets so, will one poor Fop devour ;
But to collect, like Bees, from ev'ry Flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
Which serves the World for Pleasure and for Use,
In spite of Faction, this would Favour get ;
But * FALSTAFF seems inimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall.
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all, }
That all his Fools speak Sense, as if possess'd,
And each, by Inspiration, breaks his Jest.
If once the Justness of each Part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.
That silly Thing Men call Sheer-Wit, avoid,
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.
Humour is all, Wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper Thought.
But since the Poets we of late have known,
Shine in no Dress so much as in their own ;
The better by Example to convince,
Cast but a View on this wrong Side of Sense.

* *An admirable Character in Shakespear's HENRY
the IVth.*

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First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry Reason is exactly weigh'd ;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
A Hero frighted at the Noise of Drums,
For her sweet Sake, whom at first Sight he loves,
And all in *Metaphor* his Passion proves ;
But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He strait grows jealous, yet we know not why ;
And, to oblige his Rival, needs must die :
But first he makes a Speech, wherein he tells
The absent Nymph, how much his Flame excels,
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that dear Rival, whom he does not know ;
Who strait appears, but who can Fate withstand ?
Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty Hand,
That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke ;
He more to his new Friend than Mistress kind,
Mourns, sadly mourns, at being left behind ;
Of such a Death prefers the pleasing Charms
To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.
How shameful, and what monstrous Things are these ?
And then they rail at those they cannot please ;
Conclude us only partial to the Dead,
And grudge the Sign of old BEN JOHNSON'S Head :
When the intrinsic Value of the Stage,
Can scarce be judg'd, but by a following Age ;
For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
May keep up sinking Nonsense for a Time.

But

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But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And Sense no longer will submit to Fools.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
Parnassus' Hill, on whose bright airy Top
'The *EPIC Poets* so divinely show,
And with just Pride behold the rest below.
Heroic Poems have a just Pretence
'To be the utmost Reach of humane Sense ;
A Work of such inestimable Worth,
'There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
HOMER and VIRGIL ; with what awful Sound
Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound !
Just as a Changeling seems belows the rest
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast ;
So these *gigantic* Souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human Kind,
Nature's whole Strength united ; endless Fame,
And universal Shouts attend their Name.
Read HOMER once, and you can read no more,
For all Things else appear so dull and poor :
Verse will seem Prose ; yet often on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.
Had * Bossu never writ, the World had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill ;
As something of Divine the Work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd :
But he, disclosing sacred Mysteries,
Has shewn where all the Magic lies.

* *A celebrated French Author, who, in his Treatise upon Epic Poetry, drew all his Examples from HOMER.*

Describ'd the Seeds, and in what Order sown,
That have to such a vast Proportion grown.
Sure from some Angel he this Secret knew,
Who thro' this Labyrinth has giv'n the Clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor Mankind,
To see this promis'd Land, yet stay behind?
The Way is shewn; but who has Strength to go?
Who can all Sciences exactly know?
Whose Fancy flies beyond weak Reason's Sight,
And yet has Judgment to direct it right?
Whose just Discernment, VIRGIL-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much?
Let such a Man begin without Delay,
But he must do much more than I can say;
Must above COWLEY, nay, and MILTON too, prevail,
Succeed where great TORQUATO, and our greater
SPENSER fail.





A N
E S S A Y
O N

Translated Verse.

By the Earl of ROSCOMON.

HAPPY that AUTHOR,* whose correct Essay
Repairs so well our old *Horatian* way ;
 And happy those, who, (if concurring Stars
 Predestimate them to Poetic Wars)
 With Pains, and Leisure, by such Precepts write ;
 And learn to use their Arms before they fight.
 But since the *Press*, the *Pulpit*, and the *Stage*,
 Join all their forces, to invade our Age,
 Provok'd, and urg'd, we resolutely must
 To these few Virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more,
 To search the Treasures of the *Roman* store ;
 Or dig in *Grecian Mines* for purer Oar ?

* *Of the ESSAY on POETRY.*

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The noblest Fruits transplanted, in our Isle,
 With early Hope, and fragrant Blossoms smile.
 Familiar *Ovid* tender Thoughts inspires,
 And *Nature* seconds all his soft *Desires* :
Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And *Albion's Rocks* repeat his *rural Song*.
 Who has not heard how *Italy* was blest,
 Above the *Medes*, above the wealthy *East* ?
 Or *Gallus*' Song, so tender, and so true,
 As ev'n *Lycoris* might with Pity view !
 When *Mourning Nymphs* attend their *Daphne's Herse*,
 Who does not *weep*, that reads the *moving Verse* !
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted Strains
Sicilian Muses through these happy Plains,
 Proclaim *Saturnian Times*, our own *Apollo* reigns. }

When *France* had breath'd, after intestine Broils,
 And Peace and Conquest crown'd her foreign Toils,
 There (cultivated by a Royal Hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the Land ;
 'The choicest Books, that *Rome* or *Greece* have known,
 Her excellent *Translators* made her own :
 And *Europe* must acknowledge, that she gains,
 Both by their good *Example* and their *Pains*.
 From hence our gen'rous Emulation came,
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now we shew the World a nobler Way,
 And in *translated Verse* do more than *they*.
 Serene and clear, harmonious *Horace* flows,
 With Sweetness not to be express'd in *Prose*.

Degrading

Degrading *Prose* explains his Meaning ill,
 And shews the *Stuff*, but not the Workman's skill.
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty Years)
 Scarce know my Master as he there appears.
Vain are our Neighbours Hopes, and vain their Cares,
 The Fault is more their Languages, than theirs.
 'Tis copious, florid, pleasing to your Ear;
 With Softness, more perhaps, than ours can bear.
 But who did ever in French Authors see
 The comprehensive English Energy?
 The weighty Bullion of one sterling Line,
 Drawn to French Wire, would through whole Pages
 I speak my private, but impartial Sense, [shine.
 With Freedom, and (I hope) without Offence:
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me Wit
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ,

'Tis true, *Composing* is the nobler Part,
 But good *Translation* is no easy Art:
 For tho' Materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your Fancy, and your Hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours less, but Judgment, more.

The Soil intended for Pierian Seeds,
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic Weeds.
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
 At the rude rumbling *Baraliopton* makes.
 For none have been, with *Admiration*, read,
 But who (beside their Learning) were Well-Bred.

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The first great Work, (a Task perform'd by few)
Is, that *your self* may to *your self* be true :
No *Masque*, no *Tricks*, no *Favour*, no *Reserve* ;
Desect your Mind, examine ev'ry *Nerve*.
Whoever vainly on his *Strength* depends,
Begins like *Virgil*, but like *Mævi*us, *ends*.
That Wretch (in spight of his forgotten Rhymes)
Condemn'd to Live to all succeeding Times,
With pompous *Nonsense* and a bellowing Sound,
Sung *lofty Ilium*, tumbling to the Ground.
For (if my Muse can through past Ages see)
That *noisy*, *nauseous*, *gaping Fool* was he ;
Exploded, when with universal Scorn,
A *Mountain labour'd*, and a *Mouse* was born.

Learn, learn, *Crotona's* brawny Wrestler cries,
Audacious Mortals, and be *timely* wise !
'Tis I that call, remember *Milo's End*,
Wedg'd in that *Timber* which He strove to *rend*.

Each Poet, with a *different Talent* writes,
One *praises*, one *instructs*, another *bites*.
Horace did ne'er aspire to *Epic Bays*,
Nor *lofty Maro* sloop'd to *Lyric Lays*.
Examine how your *Humour* is inclin'd,
And which the *Ruling Passion* of your Mind ;
Then, seek a *Poet* who *your Way* does bend,
And chuse an *Author* as you chuse a *Friend*.
United by this *Simpathetic Bond*,
You grow *familiar*, *intimate* and *fond* ;

Your

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Your *Thoughts*, your *Words*, your *Stiles*, your *Souls*
No longer his *Interpreter*, but *He*. [agree,

With how much *Ease* is a *young Muse* betray'd,
How *nice* the *Reputation* of the *Maid*!
Your *early*, *kind*, *paternal* *Care* appears,
By *chaste* *Instruction* of her *tender* *Years*.
The *first* *Impression* in her *Infant* *Breast*.
As 'tis the *deepest*, ought to be the *best* :
No rigid *Awe* shou'd breed a *servile* *Fear*,
No *quanton* *Sound* offend her *Virgin-Ear*.
Secure from *foolish* *Pride's* *affected* *State*,
And *specious* *Flattery's* *more* *pernicious* *Bait*,
Habitual *Innocence* adorns each *Thought*,
And 'tis your *Crime* if *she* commit a *Fault*.

Immodest Words (whatever the *Pretence*)
Always want *Decency*, and *often*, *Sense*.
What *mod'rate* *Fop* wou'd rake the *Park*, or *Stews*,
Who among *Troops* of *faultless* *Nymphs* may chuse ?
Variety of *such* is to be found ;
Take then a *Subject*, *proper* to expound :
But *Moral*, *Great*, and worth a *Poet's* *Voice*,
For Men of *Sense* despise a *trivial* *Choice* :
And such *Applause* it must expect to meet,
As would some *Painter* busy in a *Street*,
To copy *Bulls* and *Bears*, and ev'ry *Sign*
That calls the *Staring*. *Sots* to *nasty* *Wine*.

Yet 'tis not all to have a *Subject*, *good*,
It must *delight* us when 'tis *understood*.

He

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He that brings *fulsom* *Objects* to my View,
 (As many *Old* have done, and many *New*)
 With *nauseous* *Images* my *Fancy* fills,
 And all goes down like *Oxymel* of *Squills*.
 Instruct the list'ning *World* how *Maro* sings,
 Of *useful* *Subjects*, and of *losty* *Things*.
 These will such true, such bright *Ideas* raise,
 As merit *Gratitude*, as well as *Praise*.
 But *soul* *Descriptions* are *offensive* still,
 Either for being *like*, or being *ill*.
 For who, without a *Qualm*, hath ever look'd,
 On *Holy* *Garbidge*, tho' by *Homer* cook'd?
 Whose *railing* *Hero's*, and whose wounded *Gods*,
 Make some suspect, he *snores*, as well as *nods*.
 But I offend — *Virgil* begins to frown,
 And *Horace* looks with *Indignation* down?
 My *blushing* *Muse* with *conscious* *Fear* retires,
 And whom *they* *like*, *implicitly* *admires*.

On *sure* *Foundations* let your *Fabric* rise,
 And with inviting *Majesty* surprise,
 Not by affected, *meretricious* *Arts*,
 But strict *harmonious* *Symetry* of *Parts*.
 Which through the *Whole* insensibly must pass,
 With vital *Heat* to animate the *Mass*.
 A *pure*, an *active*, an *auspicious* *Flame*,
 And *bright* as *Heav'n*, from whence the *Blessing* came;
 But few, oh, few, *Souls*, præordain'd by *Fate*,
 The *Race* of *Gods*, have reach'd that *envy'd* *Height*.

No

No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious Crime,
 By heaping Hills on Hills can thither climb.
 The grizly Ferry-man of Hell deny'd
Aeneas' Entrance, till he knew his Guide;
 How justly then will impious Mortals fall,
 Whose *Pride* would soar to *Heav'n* without a Call?
Pride (of all others the most dangerous Fau't,)
 Proceeds from *Ignorance*, and want of *Thought*,
 The Men, who labour and digest Things most,
 Will be much apter to despond, than boast.
 For if your Author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many Ages since has *Virgil* writ?
 How few are they who understand him yet?
 Approach his Altars with religious Fear,
 No petty Deity inhabits there:
Heav'n shakes not more at *Jove's* imperial Nod,
 Then Poets shou'd before their Mantuan God.
 Hail mighty MARO! may that sacred Name,
 Kindle my Breast with thy celestial Flame:
 Sublime Ideas, and apt Words infuse.
 The Muse instruct my Voice, and thou inspire the Muse!

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
 Is, in Proportion, true of all the rest.
 Take Pains the genuine Meaning to explore,
 'There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious Oar:
 Search ev'ry Comment, that your Care can find,
 Some here, some there, may hit the Poet's Mind;

Yet

182. *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Yet be not blindly guided by the *Throng* ;
 Which has been, and *is* often in the *wrong*.
 When Things appear *unnatural* or *hard*,
 Consult your *Author*, with *Himself* compar'd ;
 Who knows what Blessing *Phœbus* may bestow,
 And future Ages to your Labour owe ?
 Such Secrets are not easily found out,
 But once discover'd, leave no Room for Doubt.
Truth stamps *Conviction* in your ravish'd Breast,
 And *Peace* and *Joy* attend the glorious Guest.
 Yet if one Shadow of a *Scruple* stay,
 Sure the most *beaten* is the *safest* Way.
Fear is the base Companion of a *Slave*,
 But *Prudence* the Perfection of the *Brave*.
Truth still is *One* ; *Truth* is divinely *bright*,
 No cloudy *Doubts* obscure her *Native Light*.
 While in your *Thoughts* you find the *least* Debate,
 You may *confound*, but *never* can *translate*.
 Your *Stile* will this through all *Disguises* show,
 For none *explain*, more clearly than they *know*.
 He only proves he *understands* a *Text*,
 Whose *Exposition* leaves it *unperplex'd*.
 Thy who too formally on *Names* insist,
 Rather create then *dissipate* the *Mist*.
 And grow *unjust* by being *over-nice*,
 (For *superstitious* *Virtue* turns to *Vice*.)
 Judicious *Horace* us'd a *Parthian* Name,
 (Rome was no Stranger to *Monast's* Fame,)
 Yet since the *Victor* is but little *known*,
 But *Craſſus* more for being *overthrown*.

The

Miscellaneous POEMS. 183

The *Roman* for the *Partbian* Name will be,
A tedious *Comment's* true *Epitome*.

Words in one Language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that *Rome* admir'd in *Cæsar's* Time,
May neither suit our *Genius* nor our *Clime*.
The *genuine Sense*, intelligibly told,
Shews a *Translator* both *discreet*, and *bold*.

Excursions are *inexpiably Bad*,
For 'tis much safer to leave out, than add.
Be not too fond of a sonorous Line;
Good Sense will through a plain *Expression* shine.
Few Painters can such *Master-strokes* command,
As are the noblest in a *skilful Hand*.
In this, your *Author* will the best advise,
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.
Affected Noise is the most wretched Thing,
That to *Contempt* can empty *Scriblers* bring.
Vowels and *Accents*, regularly plac'd
On even *Syllables* (and still the last)
Tho' all imaginable *Faults* abound,
Will never want the *Pagantry* of *Sound*.
Whatever *Sister* of the learned *Nine*
Does to your Suit a willing *Ear* incline,
Urge your Success, deserve a lasting Name,
She'll crown a *grateful* and a *constant Flame*.
But if a wild *Uncertainty* prevail,
And turn your *veering Heart* with *ev'ry Gale*,

You

184 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

You lose the *Fruit* of all your *former Care*,
For the sad *Prospect* of a just *Despair*.

A *Quack* (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by *Man-Midwifery*, got *Wealth* and *Fame*;
As if *Lucina* had forgot her *Trade*,
The *lab'ring Wife* invokes his *surer Aid*.
Well-season'd Bowls the Gossips Spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chants the *Doctor's Praise*.
And largely, what she wants in *Words*, supplies,
With *Maudlin-Eloquence* of *trickling Eyes*.
But what a thoughtless *Animal* is *Man*,
(How very *active* in his own *Trepan*!)
For greedy of *Physicians* frequent *Fees*,
From *Female Mellow Praise* he takes *Degrees* :
Struts in a new *unlicens'd Gown*, and then,
From *saving Women*, falls to *killing Men*.
Another such had left the *Nation thin*,
In *Spight* of all the *Children* he brought in.
His *Pills*, as thick as *Hand-Granadoes* flew,
And where they *fell*, as certainly, they *slew*.
His *Name* struck ev'ry where as great a *Damp*
As *Archimedes* through the *Roman Camp*.
With this, the *Doctor's Pride* began to *cool*,
For *smarting soundly* may convince a *Fool*.
But now *Repentance* came too late for *Grace*,
And meager *Famine* star'd him in the *Face*.
Fain would he to the *Wives* be reconcil'd,
But found no *Husband* left to own a *Child*.

The

Miscellaneous POEMS. 185

The *Friends*, that got the Brats, were poison'd too ;
 In such Distress what could our *Vermin* do ?
Worry'd with *Debts*, and past all *Hope* of *Bail*,
 Th' unpitty'd Wretch lies rotting in a *Jail*.
 And there, with *Basket-Alms*, scarce kept alive,
 Shews how *Mistaken Talents* out to thrive.

I pity, from my Soul, unhappy Men,
 Compell'd by *Want* to prostitute their *Pen*;
 Who must, like *Lawyers*, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where *Guynys* lead ;
 But you, *Pompilian* wealthy, pamper'd *Heirs*,
 Who to your *Country* owe your *Swords* and *Cares*,
 Let no vain *Hope* your easy *Mind* seduce,
 For rich ill *Poets* are without *Excuse*.
 Tis very dangerous, tampering with a *Muse*,
 The *Profit's* small, and you have much to lose ;
 For, tho' true *Wit* adorns your *Birth* or *Place*,
Degenerate Lines degrade th' attainted *Race*.
 No Poet any *Passion* can excite ;
 But what they feel transport them when they write.
 Have you been led through the *Cumaean Cave*,
 And heard th' impatient Maid divinely rave ?
 I hear her now ; I see her rolling *Eyes* ;
 And panting, lo! the *God*, the *God*, she cries ;
 With Words, not *Her's*, and more than *humane Sound*,
 She makes the obedient *Ghosts* peep trembling thro'
 the *Ground*
 But tho' we must obey when *Heaven* commands,
 And Man in vain the sacred *Call* withstands,

Beware

186 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Beware what Spirit rages in your Breast.
 For ten inspir'd ten thousand are possess'd.
 Thus make the proper Use of each Extream,
 And write with Fury but correct with Pbleam.
 As when the chearful Hours too freely pass,
 And sparkling Wine smiles in the tempting Glass,
 Your Pulse advises, and begins to beat
 Through every swelling Vein a loud Retreat.
 So when a Muse propitiously invites,
 Improve her Favours, and indulge her Flights,
 But when you find that vigorous Heat abate,
 Leave off, and for another Summons wait.
 Before the Radiant Sun, a glimmering Lamp;
 Adultrate Metals to the Sterling Stamp,
 Appear not meaner, than mere humane Lines,
 Compar'd with those whose Inspiration shines;
 These, nervous, bold; those, languid, and remiss;
 There, cold salutes; but here, a Lover's Kiss.
 Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong Tide,
 With foaming Waves the passive Soan divide
 Whose lazy Waters without Motion lay
 While he, with eager Force, urg'd his impetuous Way.

The Privilege that ancient Poets claim
 Now turn'd to License by too just a Name;
 Belongs to none but an establish'd Fame,
 Which scorns to take it —————
 Absurd Expressions, crude abortive Thoughts,
 All the lewd Legion of exploded Faults,

Bafe

Miscellaneous P O E M S. 187

Base Fugitives to that Asylum fly,
And sacred Laws with Insolence defy.
Not thus our Heroes of the former Days
Deserv'd, and gain'd their never-fading Bayes ;
For I mistake, or far the greatest Part,
Of what some call Neglect was study'd Art.
When Virgil, seems to trifle in a Line,
'Tis like a Warning-Piece, which gives the Sign
To wake your Fancy, and prepare your Sight,
To reach the noble Height of some unusual Flight.
I lose my Patience, when, with saucy Pride,
By untun'd Ears I hear his Numbers try'd.
Reverse of Nature ! shall such Copies, then,
Arraign th' Originals of Maro's Pen !
And the rude Notions of Pedantic Schools
BlaspHEME the sacred Founder of our Rules !

The Delicacy of the nicest Ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of Order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense,
The Sound is still a Comment to the Sense.

A skilful Ear, in Numbers shou'd preside,
And all Disputes without Appeal decide.
This ancient Rome, and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken Stops debauch'd the Sound.

When, by Impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping Souldiers a new Courage sprung ;
Reviving Spartans now the Fight maintain'd,
And what two Gen'ral's lost, a Poet gain'd.

By

188 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

By secret Influence of indulgent Skies,
Empire and Poesy together rise.
True Poets are the Guardians of a State,
 And when *they fail*, portend approaching *Fate*.
 For that which *Rome* to *Conquest* did inspire,
 Was not the *Vestal*, but the *Muses Fire*;
Heaven joins the Blessings, no declining *Age*
 E're felt the *Raptures of Poetic Rage*.

Of many Faults, *Rhyme* is (perhaps) the *Cause*,
 Too *strict* to *Rhyme* we slight more *useful Laws*.
 For that, in *Greece* or *Rome*, was never *known*,
 'Till by *Barbarian Deluges* o're *flown*,
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last *obey*,
 And change their *own* for their *Invaders Way*.

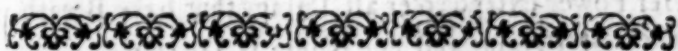
I grant that from some *Mossy Idol Oak*
 In *double Rhymes* our *Thor* and *Woden* spoke;
 And by *Succession* of *unlearned Times*,
 As *Bards* began, so *Monks* rung on the *Chimes*.

But now that *Phæbus* and the *sacred Nine*,
 With all their *Beams* on our blest *Island* shine,
 Why should not *we* their *ancient Rites* restore,
 And *be*, what *Rome* or *Athens* were before?
 O may I live to see that glorious *Day*,
 And sing loud *Pæans* through the crowded *Way*;
 When in triumphant State the *British Muse*
 True to *herself*, shall *barb'rous Aid* refuse.
 And in that *Roman Majesty* appear,
 Which none knows better, and none comes so near.

THE



THE
TEMPLE
OF
DEATH.



IN those cold Climates where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his Face in Tears,
A dreadful Vale lies in a Defart-Isle,
On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.
There a vast Grove of aged Cypress-Trees,
Which none without an awful Horror sees,
Into its wither'd Arms, depriv'd of Leaves,
Whole Flocks of ill-presaging Birds receives ;
Poisons are all the Plants the Soil will bear,
And Winter is the only Season there.
Millions of Graves cover the spacious Field,
And Springs of Blood a Thousand Rivers yield ;
Whose Streams, oppress'd with Carcases and Bones,
Instead of gentle Murmurs, pour forth Groans.
Within this Vale a famous TEMPLE stands,
Old as the Universe which it commands ;

Round

190 *Miscellaneous P O E M S.*

Round is its Figure, and four Iron-Gates
 Divide the World by order of the Fates.
 There come in Crowds, doom'd to one common Grave
 The Young, the Old, the Monarch, and the Slave.
 Old Age, and Pains, which Mankind most deplores,
 Are faithful Keepers of those sacred Doors?
 All clad in mournful Blacks, which also load
 The sacred Walls of this obscure Abode,
 And Tapers, of a pitchy Substance made,
 With Clouds of Smoak encrease the dismal Shade.
 A Monster, void of Reason and of Sight,
 The Goddess is, that sways this Realm of Night.
 Her Power extends o'er all Things that have Breath,
 A Cruel Tyrant, and her Name is DEATH.
 The fairest Object of our wond'ring Eyes
 Was newly offer'd up her Sacrifice;
 Th' adjoining Places, where the Altar stood,
 Yet blushing with the fair ALMERIA'S Blood.
 When sad MELINTUS, whose unhappy Flame
 Is known by all that e'er convers'd with Fame;
 His Mind, possess'd with Fury and Despair,
 Within the Sacred Temple made this Prayer:
 GREAT DEITY ! who in thy Hands dost bear
 That rusty Scepter which poor Mortals fear,
 Who wanting Eyes thy self respectest none,
 And neither spar'st the Laurel, nor the Crown.
 O ! Thou, whom all Mankind in vain withstands,
 Each of whose Blood must one Day stain thy Hands;
 O ! Thou, that every Eye which sees the Light
 Closest again in an Eternal Night,

Open

Open thy Ears, and hearken to my Grief,
 To which thy Power alone can give Relief;
 I come not hither to prolong my Fate,
 But wish my wretched Life a shorter Date;
 And that the Earth would in its Bowels hide
 A Wretch, whom Heaven invades on every Side;
 That from the Sight of Day I might remove,
 And might have nothing left me but my Love.
 Thou only Comforter of Minds oppress'd,
 The Port where wearied Spirits are at Rest;
 Conductor to *Elysium*, take my Life,
 My Breast I offer to thy sacred Knife:
 So just a Grace deny not, nor despise
 A willing, though a worthless, Sacrifice.
 Others, their frail and mortal State forgot,
 Before thy Altars are not to be brought
 Without Constraint; the Noise of dying Rage,
 Heaps of the Slain of every Sex and Age,
 The Blade all reaking in the Gore it shed,
 With sever'd Heads and Arms confus'dly spread,
 The rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
 The Groans of Wretches ready to expire;
 This Tragic Scene makes them in Terror live,
 Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;
 Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
 Their Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
 Before thy Face they make undecent Moan,
 And feel an Hundred Deaths in fearing one:
 The Flame becomes unhallow'd in their Breast,
 And he a Murderer who was a Priest;

His

192 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

His Hands profan'd in breaking Nature's Chain,
 By which the Body does the Soul detain ;
 But against Me thy strongest Forces call,
 And on my Head let all the Tempest fall ;
 No shrinking back shall any Weakness show,
 But calmly I'll expect the fatal Blow.
 My Limbs no Trembling, in my Mind no Fear,
 Complaints in my Mouth, nor in my Eyes a Tear.
 Think not that Time, our wonted sure Relief,
 That universal Cure for every Grief,
 Who Aid so many Lovers oft have found,
 With like Success can ever heal my Wound ;
 Too weak's the Power of Nature or of Art,
 Nothing but Death can ease a broken Heart.
 And that thou may'st behold my helpless State,
 Learn the extreamest Rigour of my Fate ;
 As'midst th' innumerable beauteous Train
Paris, the Queen of Cities, does contain
 The fairest Town, the greatest, and the best,
 So Fair ALMERIA shin'd above the rest.
 From her bright Eyes to feel a hopeless Flame,
 Was of our Youth the most ambitious Aim ;
 Her Chains were Marks of Honour to the Brave,
 She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave.
 Love, under whose tyrannic Power I groan,
 Shew'd me this Beauty e'er 'twas fully blown ;
 Her doubtful Hand, and her unpractis'd Look,
 Their first Assurance from my Conquest took ;
 By wounding me, she learn'd the fatal Art,
 And the first Sigh she had was from my Heart.

My

Miscellaneous P O E M S. 193

My Eyes with Tears wetting her Snowy Arms,
Render'd the Tribute due unto her Charms ;
But as I soonest of all Mortals paid
My Vows, and to her Beauty Altars made,
So amongst all those Slaves, that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of her Chain.
Love's heavy Burden my submissive Heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her Part,
My violent Flame melted her frozen Breast,
And in soft Sighs her Pity she exprest ;
Her gentle Voice allay'd my raging Pains,
And her fair Hands sustain'd me in my Chains :
Tears from her Eyes attended on my Moan,
And they look'd kindly upon me alone.
My Hopes and Dangers were less mine than hers,
Those fill'd her Soul with Joys, and these with Fears,
Our Hearts united had the same Desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient Fires.
Too faithful Memory ! I give thee Leave
Thy wretched Master kindly to deceive :
Make me not once Possessor of her Charms,
Let me not find her languish in my Arms :
Past Joys are now my cruel Fancy's Themes,
Make all my happy Nights appear but Dreams :
Let not those Scenes before my Eyes be brought,
But hide her Love from my tormenting Thought ;
And in its Place disdainful Beauty show,
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so ;
And, something to abate my deep Despair,
O ! let her seem less gentle, or less fair.

194 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

But I in vain flatter my wounded Mind,
 Never was Nymph so lovely, or so kind.
 No cold Repulses my Desires suppress,
 I seldom sigh'd but on ALMERIA's Breast.
 Of all the Passions which Mankind destroy,
 I only felt Excess of Love and Joy :
 Numberless Pleasures charm'd my Sense, and they
 Were, as my Love, without the least Allay :
 As pure, alas, but not so sure to last,
 For, like a pleasing Dream, they all are past.
 From Heav'n her Beauty like fierce Lightning came,
 Which breaks thro' Darkness with a glorious Flame.
 Awhile it shines, awhile our Sight it cheers,
 But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears,
 And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage
 None can withstand, and nothing can assuage.
 So oft the Light, which those bright Flashes gave,
 Serves only to conduct us to our Grave.
 When I had just begun Love's Joys to taste,
 Those full Rewards for Fears and Dangers past,
 A Fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
 The richest Work that ever Nature wrought.
 All Things below, alas, uncertain stand !
 The firmest Rocks are plac'd upon the Sand :
 Under this Law both Kings and Crowns must bend,
 For no Beginning is without an End.
 A Sacrifice to TIME Fate dooms us all,
 And at the Tyrant's Feet we daily fall ;
 TIME, whose bold Hand alike does bring to Dust
 Mankind, and all those Pow'rs in which they trust ;
 Though

Though now her wasted Spirits 'gin to faint,
Her Patience ties her Tongue from all Complaint,
And in her Heart, as in a Fort, remains,
But yields at last to her resistless Pains.
Thus while the Fever, amorous of his Prey,
Through all her Veins makes his delightful Way;
Her Fate's like SEMELE's; the Flames destroy
That Beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming Face is in its Spring decay'd,
Pale grow the Roses, and the Lillies fade.
Her Skin hast lost that Lustre, which surpass'd
The Sun's, and did deserve as long to last;
Her Eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest Hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their Flames and Darts;
Those Stars now heavily and slowly move,
And Sorrow triumphs in the Throne of Love.
The Fever every Moment more prevails,
Its Rage her Body feels, and Tongue bewails:
She, whose Disdain so many Lovers prove,
Sighs now for Torment, as they sigh for Love,
And with loud Cries, which rend the neighb'ring Air,
Wounds my sad Heart, and wakens my Despair.
Both Gods and Men I charge now with my Loss
And, wild with grief, my Thoughts each other cross:
My Heart and Tongue labour in both Extreams,
That sends up humble Pray'rs, while this blasphemes.
I ask their Help, whose Power I defy;
And mingle Sacrilege with Piety.
But that which does still more perplex my Mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;

196 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears,
 I still restrain unruly Floods of Tears :
 My Eyes and Tongue put on dissembling Forms,
 I shew a Calmness in the midst of Storms :
 I seem to hope, when all my Hopes are gone,
 And, almost dead with Grief, discover none.
 But who can long deceive a loving Eye,
 Or with dry Eyes behold his Mistress die ?
 When Reason had with all its Terrors brought
 Th' approaching Danger nearer to my Thought,
 Off, on a sudden, fell the forc'd Disguise,
 And shew'd a sighing Heart in weeping Eyes :
 My Apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
 Expos'd my Sorrows, and betray'd my Mind.
 The Fair afflicted soon perceives my Tears,
 Explains my Sighs, and thence concludes my Fears,
 With sad Presages of her hopeless Case,
 She reads her Fate in my dejected Face ;
 Then feels my Torment, and neglects her own,
 While I am sensible of Hers alone ;
 Each does the other's Burthen kindly bear,
 I fear her Death, and she bewails my Fear :
 Although we suffer under Fortune's Darts,
 'Tis those of Love alone, which reach our Hearts.
 Mean while the Fever mocks at all our Fears,
 Grows by our Sighs, and rages at our Tears ;
 Those vain Effects of our as vain Desire,
 Like Wind and Oil, increase the fatal Fire.

ALMERIA, feeling th' unjust Destinies,
 About to shut her Lips, and close her Eyes,

Weeping

Weeping, in Mine put her fair trembling Hand,
 And with these Words, I scarce could understand,
 Her Passion in a dying Voice express
 Half, and her Sighs, alas! made out the rest;
 'Tis past; this Pang, Nature forsakes the Strife;
 Thou must thy Mistress lose, and I may Live.
 I die, but, dying thine, the Fates may prove
 Their Conquest over me, but not my Love;
 Thy Memory, my Glory, and my Pain,
 In spite of Death itself, shall still remain.
 Ah! Dear MELINTUS, my hard Fate denies
 That *Hope* is the last thing which in us dies;
 From my griev'd Breast all those soft Thoughts are fled;
 And *Love* survives, although my *Hope* is dead;
 I yield my Life, but keep my Passion yet,
 And can all Thoughts but of MELINTUS quit.
 My Flame encreases as my Strength decays,
Death, that puts out the Light, the Heat does raise,
 Which leaves me not, though I from hence remove,
 I lose my Lover, but I keep my Love.
 The Sigh, which sent from that last tender Word,
 Up towards the Heav'ns like a bright Meteor soar'd,
 And the kind Nymph, bereft of all her Charms,
 Falls cold and breathless in her Lover's Arms:
 Which shews, since *Death* deny'd him then Relief,
 That 'tis in vain, Men hope to die with Grief.

GODDESS, that now my Fate hast understood,
 Spare but my Tears, and freely take my Blood:
 Here let me end the Story of my Cares,
 My Grief itself enough the rest declares.

Thou

198. *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Thou seest by all my Misery thus display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy Aid :
Thus to survive, a Guilt upon me draws,
And my sad Wishes have too just a Cause.

Come then, my only Hope ! in every Place
Thou visitest, Men tremble at thy Face;
And fear thy Name : once let thy fatal Hand
Destroy a Swain, that doth the Blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy Dart ; I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling Kings depose ;
Thy weakest, my desir'd Release will bring,
And free my Soul, already on her Wing.
But since all Prayers and Tears are vain, I'll try
If, spite of thee, 'tis possible to die.



An

AN INTERLUDE.

The Scene, A Bed-Chamber.

Enter Tarfander and Swivanthe.

Tarf. **F**OR standing — we kind Nature thank,
And yet adore those — that make 'em
Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy [lank.
Preys on itself, and does itself destroy.

Swi. Do not thy —, Nature's best Gift, despise,
That Girl that made it fall, will make it rise;
Tho' it a while the am'rous Combat shun,
And seems from mine into thy Belly run,
Yet 'twill return more vig'rous and more fierce
Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in *Tierce*.
It but retires, as losing Gamesters do,
'Till they have rais'd a Stock to play a-new.

Tarf. What Pleasure has a Gamester, if he knows,
Whene'er he plays, that he must always lose?

Swi. What — loses, 'twere a Pain to keep;
We say not, that our Nights are lost in Sleep;
What Pleasures we in those soft Wars employ,
We do not waste, but to the full enjoy. [*Ex. Tarf.*

Enter CELIA.

Cel. Madam, Methinks those sleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a Lover's Care;
I fear you have with Interest repaid
Those eager Thrusts which at your — he made.

Swi. With Force united, my soft Heart he storm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her Lover can withstand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he less than *Man*. [*Exeunt.*



The Mock S O N G.

I.

I LOVE as well as others do ;
 I'm young, not yet deform'd ;
 My tender Heart, sincere and true,
 Deserves not to be scorn'd.

II.

Why, PHILLIS, then, why will you lie
 With forty Lovers more ?
 Can I (*said she*) with *Nature* vie ?
 Alas I am, alas, I am a Whore.

III.

Were all my Body larded o'er

With Darts of Love so thick,
 That you might find in ev'ry Pore

A well hung standing P ——— ;

IV.

Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,

My Heart would never doubt,

In am'rous Rage and Ecstasy

To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes F ——— out.

F I N I S.







The Discovery.

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THE
CABINET of LOVE.

CONTAINING

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- II. DILDOIDES. By Mr. Butler.
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- IV. Lady SANDWICH's Cabinet.

Never before Printed.

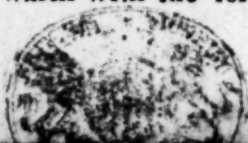
The DISCOVERY.

TO *Sylvia's* Room I (unsuspected) stole,
Unseen by her, I crept into a Hole,
Where I could view the spacious Room all round,
Observe the Nymph, and not by her be found.
When first I enter'd, on the Bed she lay,
Her Face half out, like *Sol* at Break of Day;
And now, like him, she thinks it Time to rise;
As he unclouds, so she unveils her Eyes;
Then by Degrees, she rais'd her self upright,
Phæbus himself ne'er yet appear'd so bright;
So clear she seem'd, did not her sable Hair
Eclipse her Eyes, there'd be no looking there.
She naked stood, whilst I with Joy adore
The finest Shape I e'er had seen before;
Her little, pretty, panting Bubbles were
As white as Snow, and as the Chrystal clear.
I something saw, which was but thinly hair'd,
It not too bushy, nor too bald appear'd;
The Charms of which, I'll from the Reader hide,
For 'twas more lovely than I can describe.
The Sight of which set all my Blood on Fire,
Made—foam with over much Desire,
And swelling, shew'd he wanted to be nigher.

* a

Oh!

Oh! there I thought I could for ever dwell,
 Partaking Bliss beyond what Tongue can tell;
 The Sight would nourish me ten thousand Years,
 Give solid Joys, which are unmix'd with Fears.
 I blest'd my Eyes, and would not change my Seat
 For all the Pompous Riches of the Great.
 She turn'd her round, then fate upon the Bed;
 Her Lilly Hands pull'd ope her Maiden-head.
 She strove to view what I more plain could see,
 Which rais'd my Passion to an Ecstasy.
 The Sight alone soon made me shed my _____,
 And spill that _____ of which she stood in Need.
 Then from the Table she her Garment took,
 Where, in her Pocket, was a Bawdy Book;
 Which she remov'd, and thence drew out a Tool,
 Much like to that with which Men Women rule;
 She it apply'd where I'm asham'd to tell,
 And acted what I could have done as well.
 Soon from her Womb a slimy Matter sprung;
 Poor _____ starts, and thinks he suffers wrong;
 And in Revenge, he now again lets fly,
 And spewing, fell down in an Agony.
 With Transport he some little Time lay dead;
 But soon reviving, rais'd his Coral Head.
 She now leaves off, and lays the D _____ by;
 Then with the Sheet, rubs her *Tu quoque* dry,
 And whipes the M _____ off her snowy Thigh. }
 Thus she prepar'd to put her Vestments on,
 Which shade her Body, as a Cloud the Sun.
 Some with fine Cloaths do make themselves more
 But she shines fairest in her nat'ral Light. [bright,
 And needs no Colour to set off her Mein,
 Who is all lovely, and of Beauty Queen.
 As soon as drest, she from the Chamber went,
 And left me sighing in my Tenement:
 I then crept out, and to the Bed I ran,
 And kiss'd the Pillow that her Cheeks lay on.
 I found the D _____, which I brought away.
 Whilst it was warm with the 'foremention'd Play;
 And



And was resolv'd, that he no more should prove
 Poor——Rival, who can only move
 The Lust of Ladies, and not lay their Love.
 'Tis I, said——, that much quench the Fire;
 The most you do, serves but to raise Desire:
 Thou lifeless, sapless, frozen, stubborn Tool,
 Dost think thou can'st the Hearts of Women rule?
 No one that ever knew the Worth of me,
 Will after take up with unjuicy thee.
 Thus he insults this new ta'en Prisoner,
 Like some ambitious upstart Emperor,
 Who has just ended a successful War.
 I thought it now was time to quit the Room,
 And pass at Home my humble Captive's Doom.

D I L D O I D E S.

By Mr. BUTLER, *Author of Hudibras.* *

SUCH a sad Tale prepare to hear.
 As claims from either Sex a Tear.
 Twelve *Dildoes* meant for the Support
 Of aged Lechers of the Court,
 Where lately burnt by impious Hand
 Of trading Rascals of the Land,
 Who envying their curious Frame,
 Expos'd these *Priaps* to the Flame.
 Oh! barbarous Times! when Deities
 Are made themselves a Sacrifice!
 Some were compos'd of shining Horns,
 More precious than the Unicorn's.
 Some were of Wax, where ev'ry Vein,
 And smallest Fibre, were made plain,
 Some were for tender Virgins fit,
 Some for the large salacious Slit
 Of a rank Lady, tho' so torn,
 She hardly feels when Child is born.

Dildo has Nose, but cannot smell,
 No Stink can his great Courage quell;
 At Sight of Plaster he'll ne'er fail,
 Nor faintly ask you what you ail;

* Occasioned by Burning a Hog'shead of *Dildoes* at
 Stocks-Market, 1672. Women

Women must have both Youth and Beauty,
 E're ———, damn'd Rogue, will do his Duty
 And then sometimes he will not stand too,
 Whate'er Gallant or Mistress can do.

But I too long have left my Heroes,
 Who fell into worse Hands than *Nero's*;
 Twelve of them shut up in a Box,
 Martyrs as true as are in *Fox*,
 Were seiz'd upon as Goods forbidden,
 Deep, under unlawful Traffic, hidden;
 When Council grave, of deepest Beard,
 Were call'd for, out of City-Herd.
 But see the Fate of cruel Treachery,
 Those Goats in Head, but not in Lechery,
 Forgetting each his Wife and Daughter,
 Condemn'd these *Dildoes* to the Slaughter:
 Cuckolds with Rage were blinded so,
 They did not their Preservers know.
 One less fanatic than the rest,
 Stood up, and thus himself address'd:

These *Dildoes* may do Harm, I know;
 But pray what is it may not so?
 Plenty has often made Men proud,
 And above Law advanc'd the Crowd:
 Religion's self has ruin'd Nations,
 And caus'd vast Depopulations;
 Yet no wise People e'er refus'd it,
 'Cause Knaves and Fools sometimes abus'd it.
 Are you afraid, lest merry Griggs
 Will wear false ——— like Periwigs;
 And being but to small ones born,
 Will great ones have of Wax and Horn;
 Since even that promotes our Gain,
 Methinks unjustly we complain,
 If Ladies rather chuse to handle
 Our Wax in *Dildoe* than in Candle,
 Much Good may't do 'em, so they pay for't,
 And that the Merchant never stay for't:
 For, Neighbours, is't not all one, whether
 In ——— or Shoes they wear our Leather?

W he-

Whether of Horn they make a Comb,
Or Instrument to chafe the Womb.
Like you, I Monsieur *Dildo* hate;
But the Invention let's translate.
You treat 'em may like *Turks* and *Jews*,
But I'll have two for my own Use.
Priapus was a *Roman* Deity,
And much has been the World's Variety;
I am resolv'd I'll none provoke,
From th' humble Garlic to the Oak.
He paus'd, another strait steps in,
With limber —, and grisly Chin,
And thus did his Harangue begin:

For Soldiers, maim'd by Chance of War,
We artificial Limbs prepare:
Why then should we bear so much Spite
To Lechers maim'd in am'rous Fight?
That what the *French* send for Relief,
We thus condemn as Witch or Thief?
By *Dildo*, Monsieur there intends
For his *French* Pox to make amends;
Dildo, without the least Disgrace,
May well supply the Lover's Place,
And make our elder Girls ne'er care for't,
Though 't were their Fortune to dance bare-foot.
Lechers, whom Clap or Drink disable,
Might here have *Dildoes* to their Navel.
Did not a Lady of great Honour
Marry a Foot-man waiting on her?
When one of these timely apply'd,
Has eas'd her Lust, and sav'd her Pride,
Safely her Ladyship might have spent,
While such Gallants in Pocket went.
Honour itself might use the Trade,
While — goes in Masquerade.
Which of us able to prevent is
His Girl from lying with his 'Prentice,
Unless we other Means provide
For Nature to be satisfy'd?
And what more proper than this Engine,
Which would out-do 'em, should three Men join. I

6 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

I therefore hold it very foolish,
Things so convenient to abolish;
Which should we burn, Men justly may
To that one Act the Ruin lay,
Of all that throw themselves away.

At this, all Parents Hearts began
To melt apace, and not a Man
In all the Assembly, but found
These Reasons solid were and sound.
Poor Widows then with Voices shrill,
And Shouts of Joy the Hall did fill;
For wicked P—— have no Mind to her,
Who has no Money, nor no Jointure.

Then one in Haste broke thro' the Throng,
And cry'd aloud, are we among
Heathens or Devils, to let 'scape us
The Image of the God *Priapus*?
Green-sickness Girls will strait adore him,
And wickedly fall down before him:
From him each superstitious Hussy
Will Temples make of *Tussy Mussy*.
Idolatry will fill the Land,
And all true — forget to stand.
Curst be the Wretch, who found these Arts
Of losing us the Women's Hearts;
For will they not henceforth refuse one,
When they have all that they had Use on?
Or how shall I make one to pity me,
Who enjoys Man in his Epitome?
Besides, what greater Deviation
From sacred Rights of Propagation,
Than turning th' Action of the Pool
Whence we all come, to Ridicule?
The Man that would have Thunder made
With brazen Road, for Courser made,
In my Mind did not half so ill do,
As he that found this wicked *Dildo*.
Then let's with common Indignation,
Now cause a sudden Conflagration
Of all these Instruments of Lewdness;
And, Ladies, take it not for Rudeness;

For

For never was so base a Treachery.
 Contriv'd by Mortals against Lechery.
 Men would kind Husbands seem, and able,
 With feigned Lust, and borrow'd Bawble.
 Lovers themselves would dress their Passion
 In this fantastic new *French* Fashion;
 And with false Heart and Member too,
 Rich Widows for Convenience woe.
 But the wise City will take Care,
 That Men shall vend no such false Ware.

See now th' unstable vulgar Mind
 Shook like a Leaf with ev'ry Wind;
 No sooner had he spoke, but all
 With a great Rage for Faggots call:
 The Reasons which before seem'd good,
 Were now no longer understood.
 'This last Speech had the fatal Power
 To bring the *Dildo*s latest Hour.

Priapus thus, in Box oppress'd,
 Burnt, like a *Phoenix* in her Nest;
 But with this fatal Difference dies,
 No *Dildo*s from his Ashes rise.

The DELIGHTS of VENUS.

From *MEURSIUS*.

WHEN Nature once, like *Nile*, the— o'erflows,
 The clammy Womb, like *Aegypt* fruitful grows;
Oëavia now began just in her Prime,
 To stain her Linnen with a Monthly Slime.
 Just at Sixteen her Breasts began to heave,
 And into Snow-white Semi-Gloves to cleave.
 On *Venus* Mount the Hair a Cov'ring made,
 To hide Love's Altar with an envious Shade.
 Grown ripe, her itching Fancy Pleasure feigns,
 Yet scarce knows what the Titilation means,
 All Night she thinks on Man, both toils and sweats,
 And dreaming —, and — upon the Sheets;
 But

But never knew the more substantial Bliss,
 And scarce e'er touch'd a Man, but by a Kiss.
 Her Virgin — ne'er knew the Joys of Love,
 Beyond what D—, or her Finger gave.
 Yet fain would she this private Secret know,
 From whence, and how the mutual Pleasures flow
 To Man and Wife. Then from her Bed she rose,
 'To *Tullia* went, and begg'd her to disclose
 The Grief she suffer'd on her Bridal Night;
 The Charms, the Raptures, and the soft Delight,
 That make the large Amends for all the Pain
 Which narrow — — — Virgins do sustain.
Tullia consents, and thus the Tale began.

Tull.] When I came reeking from the Bridal Bed.
 Eas'd of that hateful Thing, a Maidenhead;
 Having just tasted Man, just newly —,
 Finding the Pleasure so sublime, I cry'd,
 And said, How long have I supinely laid,
 And dreamt, and languish'd in a lonely Bed?
 'Till this last blissful Night, I've liv'd in vain,
 And ne'er enjoy'd that Godlike Creature, Man.
 Had I but known the Bliss, or had I guess'd
 At the Delights with which I'm now possess'd,
 I had not staid for Marriage, that State-Trick,
 But lost my Reputation for a — .
 Let not what I relate discourage you,
 And all that happen'd, you shall truly know.
Callus the Bridegroom, and my self the Bride,
 Dress'd and adorn'd in all the wanton Pride
 That Art invents, Youth's Beauty to improve,
 And adds fresh Fire to our impatient Love,
 Were forc'd, altho' unwilling, to dispense
 With Kissing, and much more Impertinence.
 But when our Friends and Wedding-Guests were gone,
 And in the Scene of Love we left alone,
 Naked I lay, clasp'd in my *Callus*' Arms,
 Dreading, yet longing for his sweetning Charms;
 Two burning Tapers spread around their Light,
 And chas'd away the Darkness of the Night,
 When *Callus* from my panting Bosom flew,
 And with him from the Bed, the Bed-cloaths drew. I

I to conceal my naked Body try'd,
 And what he wish'd to see, I strove to hide ;
 But what I held, with Force he pull'd away,
 'Till naked as a new born Babe I lay.
 I blush'd, but yet my Thoughts were pleas'd to find
 Myself so laid, and him I lov'd, so kind.
 Struggling I lay, expos'd to his Eyes ;
 He view'd my Breast, my Belly, and my Thighs, }
 And ev'ry Part that there adjacent lies.
 No Part, or Limb, his eager Eyes escap'd,
 Nay my plump B——ks too he saw and clasp'd.
 He dally'd thus, thus rais'd the lustful Fire
 'Till Modesty was vanquish'd by Desire.
 I then look'd up, which yet I had not done,
 And saw his Body naked as my own ;
 I saw his —— with active Vigour strong,
 Thick as my Arm, and, 'Faith almost as long,
 Of cruel Smart I knew I should not fail,
 Because his —— so large, my —— so small.
 He soon perceiv'd my Blushing and Surprise,
 And strait my Hand unto his —— did seize ;
 Which bigger grew, and did more stiffly stand,
 Feeling the Warmth of my enliv'ning Hand.
 Thus far I've told you of the pleasing Sight ;
 You know that —— our darling Favorite.
 It is defin'd, a hollow boneless Part
 Of better Use, and nobler than the Heart ;
 With Mouth, but without Eyes ; it has a Head,
 Soft as the Lips, and as the Cherry red ;
 The —— hang dangling in their hairy ——,
 From whence proceed the Spring of tickling Floods,
 Good —— should be both thick as well as tall,
 Your F—— D—— are a Size too small.
 At first they're hardly in our —— contain'd ;
 For Maidenheads are by much Labour gain'd ;
 But Men, well furnish'd with stout ——, are wont
 To force their Passage thro' a bleeding ——,
 Man's unesteem'd, a hated Monster made,
 When his —— short, and can't for Favour plead.
 Women do not the Man, but —— wed ;
 For Marriage Joys are center'd in the Bed. Now

Now *Callus* strok'd and kiss'd my Milk-white Breast ;
 He fell, and saw the Beauties of the rest ;
 Stroking my Belly down, he did descend
 To the lov'd Place where all his Joys must end.
 He seiz'd my ———, and gently pull'd the Hair ;
 At that I trembled ; there began my Fear.
 My soft and yielding Thighs he open forc'd ;
 And quite into my ——— his Finger thrust ;
 With which he grop'd, and search'd my ——— all
 And of a Maid the certain Tokens found. [round,
 Then wide as could be stretch'd, my Thighs he }
 Under my B——ks too a Pillow laid, spread, }
 And told me then the fairest Mark was made.
 Then prostrate threw himself upon my Breast,
 That groan'd, with such unusual Weight oppress'd.
 My ——— plump Lips his Finger drew aside,
 And then to enter, but in vain he try'd :
 His Body nimbly up and down he mov'd,
 Against my ——— his stiff T—— stood.
 Sharp was the Pain I suffer'd, yet I bore't.
 Resolving not to interrupt the Sport ;
 When suddenly I felt the trickling ———
 O'erflow my ———, my Belly, and the Bed.
 I saw his ———, when *Callus* from me rose,
 Limber and weak, hang down his snotty Nose ; }
 For when they ———, their Stiffness then they lose, }
 But soon my *Callus* fix'd his Launce upright,
 Rais'd by my Hand, again prepar'd to fight ;
 Tho' then within my ——— he could not ———, }
 Oft times he swore the Error he would mend, }
 And the warm Juice thro' ev'ry Passage send.
 About my ——— I felt a burning Pain,
 Yet long'd with more Success to try again.
Callus once more new mounted, to begin,
 Gave me his ———, and begg'd I'd put it in.
 At first against such Impudence I rail'd ;
 But he with moving Arguments prevail'd :
 He kiss'd, and pray'd, and would not be deny'd,
 And said ——— blind, and needs must a Guide,
 Where there's no Path, no Track, he runs astray ;
 But in a beaten Road can find his Way. I

I put it in, and made the Passage stretch,
 Whilst he push'd on, t'enlarge the narrow Breach,
 His —— bore forward with such Strength and Pow'r,
 That 'twould have made a ——, had there been none be-
 When half was in, and but one half remain'd, [fore.
 I sigh'd aloud, and of the Smart complain'd.
 As he push'd on, the Pain I sharper found,
 And drew his Weapon from my bleeding Wound.
Callus is vex'd to lose his half-won Prize,
 And spews his juicy —— upon my Thighs.
 My Hand upon my mangled —— I laid,
 To feel the monstrous Wound his —— had made, }
 And found my Blood had all besmear'd the Bed.
 Too late I did repent my cursed Fate,
 And thus exclaim'd against a marry'd State.

Are these the tempting Joys to Wedlock join'd ?
 Are these the Joys that damn half Woman-kind ?
 Will the God *Hymen* nothing else suffice,
 But bleeding Virgins for a Sacrifice ?
 Men reap the Pleasure, Women all the Pain ;
 Our Grief's their Sport, they laugh when we complain.
 But that a husband now must be obey'd.
 I'd always —— my self, and die a Maid.
 But *Callus* laugh'd, and at my Sorrow smil'd,
 And with a Kiss would fain be reconcil'd ;
 My dearest Duck, my charming Fair, he cry'd,
 (Whilst I in Sighs and Groans alone reply'd.)

Call. Dost, like a Child, for trivial Smart repine ?
 In Time our Bodies we with Ease shall join ;
 Then must I drudge, while all the Pleasure's thine. }
 Virgins can ne'er reap Wounds in *Venus*' Wars,
 But the Blood flows from honourable Scars.
 Like thee I suffer, and like thee I bleed ;
 View my fore —— his tender wounded Head.
 When *Tullia*, this prolific Seed you spill'd,
 An Infant e'er begot or born, you kill'd.
 Had half this —— within your —— been laid,
 'Twould thee a Mother, me a Father made.
 Wipe off those Tears, and as a Wife comply,
 We'll —— again, and a new Method try.

Tull. I knew my Folly justly was reprov'd,
 And blush'd, but yet my kind Reprover lov'd ; I

I then submissive did for Pardon look,
 And hugg'd him to my Bosom as I spoke.
 Forgive the Weakness of a tender Maid,
 And still what you command shall be obey'd.
 What Faults my Ignorance commits, forgive,
 And I'll no more 'gainst your Endeavours strive.
 My nice affected Modesty's subdu'd;
 And what you bid, I'll do, tho' ne'er so lewd:
 Still will I be consenting to thy Will,
 And now get up, my Love, and take thy Fill;
 If you will try once more, I will comply,
 Tho' I to——do a Martyr die.

When with a sporting Fondness this I said,
 My Hand upon his——I boldly laid.

Callus reply'd; *Tullia*, my Soul, my Life!
 How dull, how ignorant's a Maiden Wife?
 Should I return thee to thy Mother's Arms,
 E'er fully I've enjoy'd thy Virgin Charms,
 She'd call me Bungler, if there's nothing done,
 And think me most unfit to be her Son.
 Pleasure, when got with Pain, augments our Joys;
 But when its got with Ease, too soon it cloyes.
 Thy kind Assurance promises Success,
 Which should I not obtain, you'd love me less.
 Untimely Modesty deserveth Blame;
 Then, since thou art a Novice at the Game,
 Yield to my Wish, and do as I advise;
 Experience in this has made me wise.
 Then from the Window he an Ointment brought,
 Which his too hasty Passion had forgot.
 His——smelt sweet with what was rubb'd upon't,
 And seem'd as fitting for my Mouth as——.
 As soon as this was done, he made me rise,
 And place my self upon my Hands and Thighs.
 My Head down stooping on the Bed did lie,
 But my round B——ks lifted were on high,
 Just like a Cannon plac'd against the Sky.
 My bloody Smock he then turn'd up behind;
 As if to——me he had design'd:
 Then with his sweet and slipp'ry——drew near,
 And vig'rously he charg'd me in the Rear.

His

His——, as soon as to my——apply'd,
Up to the Hilt into my——did slide.
He——, and ask'd me if my——was sore?
Or his——hurt me as it did before:

I answer'd, No, my Dear; on, do not cease;
But, oh! do thus as long as e'er you please.
This Stroke did fully answer our Intent,
For at one Instant both together——.
Just as we——, I cry'd, I faint, I die,
And fell down in a blissful Ecstasy.
Kind *Callus* then drew out his——, and said,
There, pretty Fool, you've lost your Maidenhead.

Of all the Joys that to Delight are wont,
There's none so sweet as —— in a ——.
Each rapt'rous Sense is so divinely bless'd,
As can't by wisest Mortals be express'd.
I did my Fears and rash Repentance blame,
And all my former Follies did disclaim:
Tho' all my Body were one bleeding Wound,
Yet still the Pleasure is too cheaply found,
For —— and —— so mutually do love,
They'll all Obstructions to their Bliss remove:
(When Appetite provokes) the good old Cause,
A —— is then our Liberty and Laws;
Then if all —— down to Hell were hurl'd,
That luscious darling Sin would damn the World.

Now *Callus* had his rampant Fury laid,
And limber —— hung down his dangling Head.
Since made a *perfect Woman*, —— and I
Arriv'd at much Familiarity.

But languishing poor —— could do no more;
Tho' not for want of Will, but want of Pow'r.

But *Callus* swore, by all Love's mighty Gods,
He'd reinforce the Vigour of his ——.

Then with Confections, and a willing Mind,
Once more —— was to —— inclin'd.
I *Callus* then betwixt my Thighs receiv'd,
And nimbly up and down my B ——ks heav'd.
Callus observing well the gamesome Play,
Within —— Lips his standing —— did lay,

Then

Then with a lusty Thrust ——— spew'd
A show'r of ———, and all my Womb bedew'd ;
I too let fly, and did so much abound

In ———, I had almost poor ——— drown'd.

Weary with Toil, and spent, while *Callus* slept,
I from the Bed into the Chamber stept,
Hoping I should not be by *Callus* miss'd,
I set the Piss-Pot to my ——— and piss'd ;
But the salt Water, whilst 'twas trickling down,
Caus'd a sharp Pain I ne'er before had known ;
So whilst I sigh'd, and my poor ——— bewail'd,
And 'gainst the too large ——— that made it, rail'd,
Callus awak'd ; I blush'd, he laugh'd aloud,
To see upon my Thighs such Streams of Blood.
So, to conclude, *Callus* no Time did lose,
But ——— me nine Times well before I rose.

Now, boldly put in Practice what you hear,
And don't the Loss of Reputation fear,
But a good ——— 'fore all Things else prefer.

And since the wanton Tale has rais'd Desire,
Go ——— your self, and quench the lustful Fire.

Thus *Tullia* did her luscious Story end,
And with new Raptures fill her am'rous Friend.
The Fires which she before had long conceal'd,
Now rag'd aloft, and would not be repell'd.
She curs'd herself, that so much Time she'ad spent,
And ne'er knew what delicious ——— meant.

Tho' she was to be marry'd the next Day,
She thought 'twas much too long for her to stay ;

And thus to *Tullia* quickly she reply'd,
Have I, dull I, to sixteen Years arriv'd,
And ne'er the Pleasure known of being ——— ?

How many glorious Days have I pass'd by,
And ne'er yet tasted this ecstatic Joy ?

'Till now a perfect Idiot I've liv'd,

And seem as from a Lethargy reviv'd.

'Tis true, I've felt before, soft, gentle Fires,
Pin'd with strange Wishes, and unknown Desires.

Oh have I wonder'd why my Blood should rise,
My Spirits flash, and sparkle in my Eyes.

When Man has only kiss'd me by Surprise.

Some.

Something it fill'd me with, I can't relate,
 And made me languish for I know not what.
 But prithee, dearest *Tullia*, now go on,
 And finish what you have so well begun ;
 Instruct me well in this mysterious Art,
 And hide not from me the minutest Part.
 The Tale you've told, has raised a furious Flame ;
 Is there no Way you can its Fury tame ?
 I cannot 'till to-Morrow, cannot stay ;
 Contrive before, this Lechery to lay,
 My Finger I don't like, for that's a foolish Way. }
Tullia reply, my dear *Osavia*, you,
 That I can teach, shall ev'ry Secret know.
 Come this Way, I've a pretty Engine here,
 Which us'd to ease the Torments of the Fair ;
 And next those Joys which *charming Man* can give,
 This best a Woman's Passion can relieve.
 This D ——— 'tis, with which I oft was wont
 T' assuage the raging of my lustful ———.
 For when ——— swell, and glow with strong Desire,
 'Tis only ——— can quench the lustful Fire ;
 And when that's wanting, ——— must supply
 The Place of ——— upon Necessity.
 Then on your Back lie down upon the Bed,
 And lift your Petticoats above your Head ;
 I'll shew you a new Piece of Lethery,
 For I'll the Man, you shall the Woman be.
 Your thin transparent Smock, my dear, remove,
 That last blest'd Cover to the Scene of Love.
 What's this I see ! you fill me with Surprise,
 Your charming Beauties dazzle quite my Eyes ! }
 Gods ! what a Leg is here ! what lovely Thighs !
 A Belly too, as polish'd Iv'ry white,
 And then a ——— would charm an Anchorite !
 Oh ! now I wish I were a Man indeed,
 That I might gain thy pretty Maidenhead.
 But since, my Dear, I can't my Wish obtain,
 Let's now proceed t'instruct you in the Game ;
 That Game that brings the most substantial Bliss ;
 For ——— of all Games the sweetest is. Ope

16 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Ope wide your Legs, and throw them round my Back,
 And clasp your snowy Arms about my Neck.
 Your B——ks then move nimbly up and down,
 Whilst with my Hand I thrust the D—— Home.
 You'll feel the Titilation by and by ;
 Have you no Pleasure yet, no tickling Joy ?
Oh ! yes, yes, now I faint, I die,
Ostavia now, quite spent, to *Tullia* said,
 Oh ! what a foolish ign'rant Thing's a Maid ?
 I long impatiently 'till I am led
 To that vast Scene of Bliss, a Genial Bed.
 If simple —— can such Joys produce,
 What must proceed from Man's prolific Juice ?
 Oh ! that must please one sure to such Excess,
 That no one can its Charms in Words express.
 'Tis true, my *Tullia*, you have made me wise,
 And drawn this Cloud of Ign'rance from my Eyes.
 But, Faith, 'tis well I shall to Morrow wed,
 Or else I'm sure I never could have staid,
 But must have thrown away that Toy a Maidenhead.
Tullia, then smiling, to her Pupil cry'd,
 I'm glad I've made you fit to be a Bride ;
 Therefore I hope, that when you're in the Act,
 You will upon the Pains I've took reflect,
 And say, To *Tullia* 'tis this Bliss I owe,
 For she to me did first the Secrets show, [How.
 How 'tis the Pleasure does from Man to Woman }
 She taught me first the Rapture which proceed
 From the Injection of Man's gen'rous ——
 But now let us, with needful Sleep, awhile
 Refresh our Limbs, tir'd with the pleasing Toil.
 In grateful Slumbers pass the Night away,
 In Expectation of the coming Day ;
 Which in thy richest Pride and Glory dress'd
 Shall give thee to the Youth to be possess'd,
 And reap those Joys which cannot be express'd.



Lady



Lady Sandwich's CABINET.



A BALLAD.

To the TUNE of
An Old Man with a Bed full of Bones -

1.

IN a famous Street near WHETSTONE's Park,
Where there's commonly Fiddles as soon as 'tis
There was a Meeting of many a fine Spark, [dark;
With a fa la la la &c.

2.

A Matronly Dame with a feathered Fan,
Whose Knight did formerly charge Tituan,
Was thought most fit to lead up the Van,
With a fa la la la &c.

3.

A decent Person of riper Year,
As by her Want of Teeth did plainly appear,
For her Wildom was trusted to bring up the Rear,
With fa la la la &c.

b

18 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

4.

This Feast was made for a Lady fair,
Who from the Dunghill was rais'd to a Player,
And at last had the Luck to bring Flat-Fool an Heir,
With a fa la la la &c.

5.

The Lady of the House was an upright Lass,
Invincible Lewdness adorn'd her Face,
Her Husband stood by and look'd like an Ass,
With a fa la la la &c.

6.

From two Doors off, as soon as 'twas Night,
Came tripping along a Damsel bright,
Had she kept better Company she was Wife for a
With a fa la la la &c. [Knight.

7.

Her Partner THO. of a most noble Race, [Face,
Had his P—k been no better than his Will or his
He had ne'er been so gracious with this pretty Lass,
With a fa la la la &c.

8.

There was a bouncing Widow with a Patch on her Nose,
Who loves f——g better still the older she grows,
And has learn't of the Tarter to Frig with her Toes.
With a fa la la la &c.

9.

She brought along with her a bonny young Maid,
Who at Sight of these Gallants at first grew afraid,
As if she had not been us'd to the Trade,
With a fa la la la &c.

Miscellaneous POEMS. 19

10

A lusty young Fellow they had each of them got
That trounc'd 'em and bounc'd 'em till they were
[wondrous hor,
Then took 'em aside to do I know not what,
With a fa la la la &c.

11

A Jew there was to make up the Farce,
With a great Bag of Money and a swinging Tarce,
Which he was ready to thrust into ev'ry ones Arse,
With a fa la la la &c.

12.

At first they wonder'd what a Devil he meant,
But he gave both the Women and Men such Content,
That to's House the next Day to Dinner they went,
With a fa la la la &c.

13.

When after he had Feasted this Jolly Crew,
Their innocent Pastime they did renew,
And were f—d up and down by both Christian and
With a fa la la la &c. (Jew,

14.

Take heed you Husbands, and Mothers all,
Keep your Wives and your Daughters from B-k ball
Or 'tis Forty to one but they there catch a Fall.
With a fa la la la &c.





A
L E T T E R
T O A
F R I E N D.

By the Lord *Rocheſter*.

WORTHY SIR,

TH O' wean'd from all thoſe ſcandalous Delights
 In which I gladly once miſpent my Nights,
 And lewdly fool'd away my youthful Days,
 When Regent Punck allow'd the Uſe of Plays,
 Weak Nature ſtill prevails, and ſain I'd hear,
 What upſtart Fops in *Julians* Volumes are,
 Whether the liſping Lord who lately writ,
 With many Words and with ſo little Wit,
 Has found more Work for his correcting Friend,
 Who ſilly laughs at what he ſeems to mend.
 What Vintners break, ſince Drunkenneſs has been
 Found Treason above killing of the King,

And

Miscellaneous P O E M S. 21

And Witnesses for that are cherish'd more,
Than *Oates* and *Bedloe* ever were before,
Fain wou'd I know who lines that nauseous Bitch,
Whose filthier Mouth officiates for her Breech,
Whether the Booby, who's of Kingly Race,
Or the soft E A R L contented with Disgrace.
And yet methinks 'tis strange that any Son
Shou'd Rival R O W L E Y there beside his own.
I'd hear whether the Knight with ancient Race,
Embroider'd Coat, and antiquated Face,
Changing his Hebrew for a Warlike Cant,
Still meets the Queen-Street lewd Inhabitant,
But above all I gladly wou'd hear tell,
Some Passages of that most decent Ball,
Where Irish-Squire so cunningly contriv'd,
At his own Charge to have his Lady swiv'd.
We're told how Virgins bright and Gallants brave,
Marshal'd by Bawds most infamously grave,
But we don't hear of whose Commodity,
The lustful bugging Jew thought fit to buy;
Who og'd who, or how the prudent Maid,
Cou'd brook the Man her Sister so betray'd,





Three RIDDLES.

I

NO longer blame those on the Banks of Nile,
 If they ador'd the rav'nous Crocodile;
 Nor think the INDIANS mad, who worship Apes,
 Serpents and Idols in such monst'rous Shapes;
 Since all Mankind to Me do Homage pay,
 More rav'nous, fatal, more deform'd than they:
 To me their purest Blood they sacrifice.
 Yet all they do can ne'er my Rage suffice.
 Infants each Day within my Vaults expire,
 And Men oft perish by my Altars Fire.
 All rough I am and hideous to the Sight,
 Yet Man in me has plac'd his chief Delight:
 Enough of me he thinks he ne'er can sieze,
 And yet the less I am the more I please;
 Calling myself deform'd, sure I mistake,
 Since I the cheifest Part of Beauty make,
 But I compos'd of Contradiction am,
 Th' Original of Impudence and Shame,
 'Tis I that kindle and then quench the Flame,
 I feel the greatest Pleasure, greatest Pain,
 When closest cover'd, most expos'd to Rain.

Of

Of the most noble Plant I am the Field,
 But bear the less the oftner I am till'd,
 The last of Nature's num'rous Works I am,
 Yet first in Power, and wonderful in Frame.
 For tho' I seem so gentle, weak, and small,
 The strongest yields, stoutest before me fall,
 Of me th' Extreams none reach tho' ne'er so tall,
 My only Friend my greatest Grief and Joy,
 Oft stabs me, and I him as oft destroy,
 Between the HERCULEAN Pillars I am set,
 Where all Men have their NE PLUS ULTRA met,
 My Name is hid as I am from your Eyes,
 If you ne're seek me out I'll count you wise,



II.

A NEGRO I, but sprung from Northern Climes
 Die Martyr-like for Merit not for Crimes ;
 Buried before I'm born, I rise to Light,
 With mangled Limbs, no Hands, no Eyes for Sight,
 Thus fly my Country but not safe in Flight.
 Trembling thro' Pirates, Waves, and Storms convey'd.
 In fair AUGUSTA'S Walls I seek for Aid ;
 There to her Gods I stately Temples raise.
 And court her Citizens a Thousand Ways.
 Visit each House and wherefoe'er I go,
 I brew and cook, and all their Drudgery do.

Yet

24 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Yet neither Service nor my Exil'd State.
Can Pity move or skreen me from their Hate ;
Untimely Death I meet where e'er I come,
Blessing the Hands where I receive my Doom ;
In Dungeon dark imprison'd first I lye,
And then in Iron-Cage like B A J A Z E R I dye.



III.

MY Mother's a Man, my Father a Cow,
I neither more-like, than a Lobster a Sow ;
Tho' they were ne'er marry'd, I'd have you to know,
I was lawfully born, as any of You,
They both had Flesh, Blood, Life, Body, and Bone,
Of neither I've more, than a Statue of Stone :
Begotten with Pleasure, and born without Pain,
Yet seldom I get my own Likeness again.
My Father dy'd three Days before I was got ;
My Mother once saw me, but touch me would not.
Tho' A D A M 's Relations are numerous grown,
I'll hold you a Bottle, I've ten to his one ;
And whilst they are striving the World to command,
Mine A D A M-like still, are manuring the Land.
If you find what I am, and prove me a Liár,
I'll give you a Bottle, when e're you desire.

